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LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.—[See Poem on Page 6.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1876.

NEW SERIAL STORY BY BLACKMORE.

☞ *We shall commence in an early Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the publication of a new Serial Story, under the title of*

"CRIPPS, THE CARRIER,"

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page bird's-eye view of*

THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS

in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and two beautiful engravings appropriate to the season.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

POSSIBILITIES.

THE New York *Times* says that "it is curious to consider what it is that gives the third-term bugbear its vitality," since nobody seems to desire a renomination of the President. Upon the whole, it is inclined to believe that it is General GRANT'S "great strength before the country......that gives rise to the impression that a third term is not impossible." We differ from the *Times* in supposing that any body believes a third term to be possible. It is not a third term, it is a possible renomination, which is the apprehension of many of the best Republicans in the country. General GRANT, whatever the public gratitude for his services, could not be re-elected, but he might be renominated, and such a result would be fatal to the Republican party. It is this feeling which gives the bugbear its vitality. The feeling unquestionably exists, but the evidence of any such purpose is not easily defined. Apparently it consists chiefly of the vehement expressions of a few and not influential papers; of such outbursts as that of Bishop HAVEN in Boston; of an occasional argument that if a President may be re-elected once, there is no good reason why he should not be elected for a third time; and of assertions that the question may be safely left to the people. The South Carolina Convention of last year is the only political assembly which has formally renominated the President; and yet, we repeat, there is a wide-spread impression among many most sagacious Republicans that not only will the renomination be attempted, but that the effort may succeed.

It is worth while to look at the grounds of this apprehension. The first is that the President, notwithstanding that he thought the subject important enough to write about, and that one single frank word would settle the whole matter, has never spoken that word. He has uniformly refrained from declaring that he would not accept the nomination if it should be offered, and his failure to say this when speaking of the election in his Message shows distinctly, under the circumstances, that he considers himself to be "in the hands of his friends." His friends adopt the same evasive tone. Their words, indeed, seem to imply that the President has no wish for a renomination, and would not accept it. But although nothing is easier than to say so, it is not said. At a recent public dinner in New York, General SHARPE, the Surveyor of the Port, made a speech in which he said substantially what the President said in his Message. "I can tell you," said the general—"and I know what I am saying—that General GRANT has but one thing more, but one other desire to be gratified, to make the cup of his glory full. It is no personal hope or desire; he has but one single thought—I know it myself—and that is, that his own Administration may be succeeded by a Republican Administration." General SHARPE knows how to use words as well as any man. If he knew or thought that General GRANT would not accept a renomination, he would have said so. But his speech has precisely the evasion of the President's letter and Message. It seems to say something, and says nothing whatever. If the President were not renominated, the speech would seem to say that neither he nor his friends ever thought of such a thing; but it would also be perfectly consistent with the President's renomination, and with any wish and endeavor of General SHARPE to procure it. Indeed, if the general wished precisely that result, and also to allay all apprehension of it and to prevent active opposition to it, he could not have chosen his words more happily.

In addition to such signs as these, which, under the circumstances, necessarily arouse suspicion, there is the general conviction that any candidate of the GRANT group, such as Mr. MORTON or Mr. CONKLING, if he could not be nominated himself, would prefer the nomination of the President. If this be so—and it is not improbable—it is plain that a CONKLING delegation from New York or a MORTON delegation from Indiana would favor the President as a second choice. The contest in the National Convention, it must be remembered, whether in the bald form of an effort for the third term or not, will be between what is known as GRANTISM and the opposition to it in the Republican party. And one of the chief reasons for the supposition that there is an intention to attempt the renomination, and that it may succeed, is that the feeling in the party which demands a thorough change in the character of the Administration is not concentrated upon any candidate, and has no unity or organization to oppose to a shrewd and strong hostile combination which should urge the President as a compromise candidate.

It is considerations like these, with the consciousness that the office-holding interest, which so largely controls the party machinery, is naturally favorable to a renomination, that, under all the circumstances, give vitality to the bugbear of a third term. If it is a mere bugbear, if neither the President nor any of his friends ever thought of such a thing, and he would not accept a renomination, it is his fault and their fault that there is any doubt or suspicion upon the subject. But as that doubt exists, and mainly because of their reticence and evasion, the duty of Republicans who wish the success of their party, yet who would not support the President should he be renominated, is plain and positive. It is not to drift along with a happy-go-lucky sneer that the suggestion of a renomination is mere folly, but to take practical measures to make it impossible. Let every Republican see that no delegate is sent to a State Convention who is not inexorably opposed to the third term, and take care that his district delegation is instructed to support no delegate from the district to the National Convention who will, under any circumstances, connive at the renomination of the President. A State Convention so composed would pronounce positively against the third term, and instruct the national delegation to oppose it utterly. Then let every Republican paper which knows that a renomination would not represent the real preference of the party, and could be procured only by the power of executive patronage, which would be the triumph of a purely personal government under constitutional forms, declare at once and plainly, not that it is opposed to a third term, but that it would not support the President for a third term, however regularly nominated, thus emphasizing the fact that the renomination would certainly split the party and elect a Democratic President.

Such a course as this, resolutely taken, would dispose of the subject. If there be no purpose of proposing a renomination, no harm would be done. If there be such a purpose, it would effectually baffle it. If we are asked how the preference of the party can be known except by the decision of a majority in the Convention, and whether we propose that the minority, if it should prove to be such, shall control the majority, we reply that every patriotic citizen acts with a party not for its own sake, but for the public welfare, and that consequently when the party, as such, proposes a measure which he considers to be injurious to that welfare, he opposes it. It is not a question of majorities and minorities, nor of threats or dictation. Wise party action can be secured only by consideration of the nature of party allegiance and by the plainest and fullest discussion of party measures and suggestions. It is absurd for the press to say that the wisdom of the party or of the people will settle this or that question, for the very purpose of a free and intelligent press is by discussion to enlighten and persuade the popular mind. And although it is true that in politics we have often presented to us only a disagreeable alternative, and that it is the part of good sense to sacrifice personal preferences and tastes, it is also true that when the alternative is not one of personal tastes and preferences, but involves great principles and the public welfare, honest men will decline to be shut up to the alternative. When the alternative in politics is between two evils, good citizens will choose neither. They may not be able to prevent evil, but they will certainly not connive at it.

DEMOCRATIC REFORMERS.

WE are promised by the Democracy, in the present session of Congress, a rigid inquiry into the financial affairs of the government, and a committee has been appointed for the discovery of various dishonest practices on the part of the Republicans, of which our Democratic leaders assert they have long been conscious, but which they have never yet been able to define. In fact, their accusations are so general, their charges so clouded by party zeal, so obscure, or so violent, that it is difficult to understand of what they complain, or where they mean to point their attack. If they can succeed in revealing any real centre of corruption, if they can bring to justice any public robber, retrench any extravagance, devise any wise economy, they will have the support of the great majority of the Republicans, and will do a real service to the country, which had long ceased to hope for any benefit from their labors. The financial administration of the government is that department in which the Republicans have been most successful. In the midst of Democratic disorders at the South and peculations at the North, through panics that have covered the world, while foreign and domestic agencies have been employed to shake the national credit and cut off the national resources, the Republican Administration has succeeded in reducing taxation while paying off the debt, has maintained the national honor, yet practiced an extreme economy, and has honestly toiled to reduce those burdens which have been brought upon the people by a Democratic rebellion, and by the unpatriotic conduct of the Democratic leaders, who prolonged the war by their factious opposition to all the necessary measures of repression. But for the dangerous aid of the New York Democracy, it is not likely that the rebellion and slavery would have outlived the fall of Vicksburg. The vast national debt is a Democratic legacy to the nation. It is a remarkable proof of the economy of the Republican Administration that, exclusive of the expenses arising from the war, its whole annual outlay is not by more than a third greater than that of the Administration that preceded the war. The cost of the government has scarcely kept pace with the growth of the country.

The attempt of the Democratic leaders to discover fraud in the Republican management of the finances must naturally lead to a fresh study of the notorious financial calamities that have followed a Democratic rule in nearly all our chief cities, and from which Democratic candidates for office have, it is rumored, often largely profited. Mr. S. S. COX, who moved the resolution to appoint the "Congressional Executive Committee," modestly declined to become its chairman. He no doubt decided wisely; for the district to which Mr. COX owes his seat is one of those that have been most largely implicated in every species of fraud. Mr. COX comes from the city of New York, and might possibly be called upon to describe minutely to his committee the way in which his Democratic supporters have managed the finances of the unlucky metropolis. A comparison between the wise economy of the Republican national Administration and the waste and the dishonesty of the Democratic rulers of New York could not fail to be instructive. For nearly twenty years the Democracy has held the control of the city of New York almost constantly, and of the State sufficiently often to indicate its peculiar financial tendencies. And no one is unfamiliar with the result. Within a few years the debt of the city of New York has been trebled. It now owes probably more than $160,000,000. And besides this immense sum, it expends annually $36,000,000 for a government disreputable in nearly all its departments. The cost of its municipal administration is $36 for every inhabitant; its debt, $160. It is admitted, too, that the greater part of this money has been wasted or stolen. Nor does any reputable Democrat deny that his party has been the chief agent in an unprecedented series of robberies. Their noted perpetrator has just escaped by the connivance of Democratic courts, judges, and jailers. But TWEED was only the leader of a host of peculators, and many as guilty, perhaps, as he now sit safely at home, under the shelter of the Democratic rule.

To such a comparison Mr. COX might well invite the attention of Congress. Within seven years the national debt has been diminished by nearly $400,000,000; in the same period that of the city of New York has more than trebled. It costs, under a Democratic rule, $36 for each inhabitant, or $36,000,000 annually, to govern a city with a population of 1,000,000. For $7 per head the Republican Administration governs a population of more than 40,000,000. But if we look into the details, the contrast becomes still more striking. In the national government the courts are, in general, highly respectable: the city judges are often the companions of thieves. The national officials are contented with modest salaries: the city officials have set no bounds to their rapacity. Errors, frauds, and gross deceptions no doubt have a place in the national administration, but compared to the extraordinary robberies of the Democratic leaders in New York or Albany, they sink into insignificance. We need continue the parallel no farther. Messrs. COX and WOOD might well explain to the Democratic Executive Committee how it is that they represent so dishonest a section of their party, and why they labored so faithfully to the last to continue the rule of Tammany Hall.

SECTARIAN GIFTS.

WE call attention to the remarkable array of facts (page 10) in relation to sectarian grants in New York presented by DR. CROOKS. They well serve to show how numerous and extensive have been the gifts bestowed upon a single sect by the Democratic politicians. We have often had occasion to allude to these extraordinary marks of favoritism or of bribery for several years past, but the careful collection of Dr. CROOKS will necessarily strike the public attention anew. The Democratic leaders have all shared in these plain frauds upon the people. It was not alone TWEED and SWEENY, but it was TILDEN, their managing agent in carrying elections, SEYMOUR, KERNAN, and all the active Democrats, who in 1868 or 1870 lavished their bribes upon the Roman Catholic Church, and began or consummated that alliance with the Roman priesthood by which they still hope to govern the State and the country. That such a system shall never be renewed will depend upon the disposition the people make of its authors—the Democratic leaders.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT.

THE retirement of Judge-Advocate-General HOLT at his own request withdraws from the public service an officer of the highest character, ability, and fidelity, whose modesty has been always as great as his patriotism and integrity, and who will be long remembered in the army for his untiring devotion to its highest interests. Judge HOLT was bred a lawyer, and held the foremost rank at the bar of the Southwest and of Kentucky, and his forensic contests with SARGENT S. PRENTISS are still traditions of that part of the country. In 1857 he was appointed Commissioner of Patents, and in 1859 Postmaster-General, under a Democratic Administration. But when the treasonable conspiracy of 1860 began its work, it encountered no more heroic, unquailing, and efficient opponent than the Kentucky statesman. When FLOYD fled from the War Department, Judge HOLT became his successor, and in concert with General SCOTT took measures for the safety of Washington. Having done what he could to secure a peaceful succession to Mr. LINCOLN, he withdrew upon the inauguration to his native State of Kentucky, and with the fiery and persuasive eloquence of lofty patriotism he denounced the chimera of neutrality, and through the Western States advocated the great cause of the Union with a fervor and power that endeared him to the loyal heart of the country.

In September, 1862, he was appointed Judge-Advocate-General, and throughout the war he cordially sustained the Administration of Mr. LINCOLN, who placed him at the head of the Bureau of Military Justice in 1864, and in the same year offered him the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States, which he declined. At the raising of the flag over Fort Sumter at the end of the war, Judge HOLT was one of the guests, and in the speech that he made showed the same uncompromising fidelity to the principles of the Union that has distinguished his whole career. The weight and authority which his great legal learning and his judicial mind have given to his official decisions during the last thirteen years are invaluable in the records of the army at the most momentous epoch of its history. The statesman-like quality of his mind and his varied experience of public affairs fitted him, indeed, for a larger and more conspicuous post in administration,

but his high sense of duty has given to his unambitious fidelity that character of unselfish patriotism which we have come to associate with another and a simpler time.

Judge HOLT'S quiet and almost unnoticed retirement from public duty is peculiarly characteristic. But in the story of the great years 1860 and 1861 no fame in the part of the country from which he came will shine with a clearer lustre than his, and among the prominent public men of the last fifteen years none will be more honorably remembered, nor for purer and nobler service, than JOSEPH HOLT.

NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have in press a Homeric Dictionary for use in schools and colleges. This work is based upon the German original by a well-known Homeric scholar, Dr. GEORGE AUTENRIETH, director of the gymnasium at Zweibrücken. It has been translated, with additions and corrections, by ROBERT P. KEEP, Ph.D., late United States consul at Athens. Mr. Keep's intimate acquaintance with the poems of Homer, and with the whole range of Homeric literature, insures the most admirable performance of the task he has assumed. He is the author of an entertaining article on Ernst and George Curtius, the eminent German scholars, in the last number of the *International Review*. The Homeric Dictionary aims to give, in a condensed form, the chief results of the modern critical study of Homer, and will be found to contain, it is believed, every thing of substantial value tô the student which it has hitherto been necessary to seek in the various editions of Crusius in a much more expensive form. The meanings of all the words in the Iliad and Odyssey are given in this work, and are illustrated by copious references. The difficult passages are translated, and the idiomatic phrases are explained. The results, too, of modern etymological research are not neglected, etymologies of the words being uniformly given, chiefly according to Curtius. A novel feature of the work will be found in the introduction into the text of some 150 illustrations, after veritable antique objects, such as statues, coins, gems, etc., the design being to give the student at once a vivid and a correct idea of ancient costume, armor, navigation, sacrifice, etc. The dictionary will form a volume of less than 350 pages, and will be of a size to be conveniently carried in the breast pocket. The publishers hope that it may be found acceptable and useful, not only by students of Homer in schools and colleges, but that it may also be welcomed by such educated men as retain their interest in the father of epic poetry, but who have been deterred from keeping up their acquaintance with the Iliad and the Odyssey by the inconvenience attending the use of a cumbrous Greek lexicon.

The first volume of *The Life of Jonathan Swift*, by JOHN FORSTER (Harper & Brothers), traces the career of the great author from his birth to the age of forty-four. It is a volume of extraordinary interest. Mr. Forster had a difficult task before him. The story of Swift's life has been involved in a mass of errors and slanders, which most readers and many critical students have accepted as true, to the great injury of his fame. He was described by Jeffrey as "an apostate in politics, infidel or indifferent in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who had served him, and destroyer of the women who loved him;" and although this harsh and sweeping condemnation has been of late regarded as overdrawn, even his admirers have generally been content to limit their admiration to his genius, while avowing their detestation of the private vices and meanness with which he has been so long credited. Mr. Forster does not attempt to make him out a saint, but he shows that Swift by no means deserved all the weight of denunciation which has been heaped upon his memory. In gathering the material for this work Mr. Forster had access to a profusion of new matter, which had been overlooked by previous biographers of Swift, by the help of which he has been able to refute many of the slanders which have passed current concerning the life and character of the author of *The Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*. For the first time the public is now enabled to pass a correct judgment on his relations toward Stella, which have brought so much obloquy on his name; and in the succeeding volumes, which are looked for with eager interest, will be given the true story of Vanessa. Mr. Forster's work will be of great value in leading to a correct estimate of the character of one of the most brilliant lights of the Augustan age of English literature.

Antonio Allegri da Correggio (Macmillan & Co.), translated from the German of Dr. JULIUS MEYER, director of the Royal Academy, Berlin, and edited by Mrs. CHARLES HEATON, is a book of great interest to students and lovers of art. It is illustrated with twenty engravings from the masterpieces of the great Italian painter. The work grew out of an article which originally appeared in 1870 in the *Allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon*, of which Dr. Meyer was the editor. This article was republished in a separate form, with some additions and alterations, and it is from this volume that the English translation has been made. The editor has made many valuable additions to the original work from material which has come to light since the researches of Dr. Meyer were concluded. Besides the story of the artist's life, the work includes masterly critical notices of his paintings and very interesting notices of the circumstances under which they were executed. The volume is elegantly printed and bound.

The *Life of Lord Byron, and other Sketches*, by EMILIO CASTELAR, translated from the Spanish by Mrs. ARTHUR ARNOLD (Harper & Brothers), is a volume of peculiar interest. Byron is more generally read and admired abroad than in the land of his birth-place. The Germans and Spaniards especially set a far higher appreciation on his poems than English readers of the present day are willing to accord them. Castelar, who always writes with true Southern enthusiasm, could not narrate coldly the tragic story of his hero. "In contemplating the life of Byron," he says, "we feel even greater sympathy for his misfortunes than sorrow for his early death." This sentence is the key-note to the spirit of the book. An ardent admirer of his genius, attracted by his love of liberty and his hatred of all forms of tyranny, Castelar writes his story with a loving hand. Without attempting to defend Byron's faults and errors, but, on the contrary, characterizing them with just severity, he endeavors to show how much they were due to circumstances, to society, and especially to his having been born in "melancholy and sombre England." He was a true child of the South, and should have been born in Spain or Italy, where his character and genius might have developed under harmonizing influences. There will be many who will dissent from Castelar's judgment of Byron's place in English literature, but no one can escape the contagious influence of the author's glowing enthusiasm. The volume includes, besides the life of Byron, interesting character sketches of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Émile de Girardin, Daniel Manin, and Adolphe Thiers.

Books in miniature are now quite the rage, and the prettiest and neatest specimens we have seen are issued by J. R. Osgood & Co., under the general title of "The Vest Pocket Series." The collection, so far, comprises four volumes—WHITTIER'S *Snow-Bound*, LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline*, and two volumes of essays by EMERSON, *Power, Wealth, Illusions*, and *Beauty, Culture, Behavior*. These volumes are neatly bound, and though they are literally small enough to be carried in the "vest pocket," the type is clear and readable. We hope the demand for them will be such as to induce the publishers to extend the series.

The most popular author of the present day for young readers is undoubtedly JULES VERNE. His books have the charm of romantic adventure and surprising incident combined with an appearance of veracity, as if the author were telling a true story, which makes them take wonderfully with the eager audience for which they are written. His latest and in many respects his most interesting contribution to juvenile literature is a series of three volumes under the general title of *The Mysterious Island*. The first narrates the escape of the voyagers from Richmond in a balloon during the siege, and their wreck upon an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean; the second, their life and adventures on the island; the third, the ingenious means by which they effected their deliverance. The story is full of wonderful adventures, and profuse illustrations to each volume add to the fascination of the narrative.

The new translation of Virgil's Æneid, by WILLIAM MORRIS, announced by Roberts Brothers, is at once the most faithful and most poetical rendering of the great Latin epic with which English readers have been favored. No previous translation can for a moment compare with it for grace, beauty, strength, and almost literal fidelity to the original. The measure is that of Chapman's Homer—rhyming couplets of fourteen syllables. Mr. Morris invests the "ballad metre," as it is generally called, with the stateliness, weight, and dignity which belong to the Virgilian hexameter. The version is line for line and almost word for word, and it will be welcomed by students as well as by the general reader.

General ABNER DOUBLEDAY furnishes in his *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in* 1860–61 (Harper & Brothers) a very interesting contribution to the history of the eventful period immediately preceding the outbreak of the Southern rebellion. Of the eleven officers who took part in the defense of Fort Sumter against the South Carolina batteries, only four are now living, and of these General Doubleday is best qualified, from the prominent part which he bore in the struggle, to be its historian. He was a marked man among the officers before the actual commencement of hostilities. The people of Charleston denounced him as an abolitionist, and he made himself peculiarly obnoxious to them by his energy and zeal in pushing forward the preparations for defense, in which he was but feebly seconded by Major Anderson, a good man, but not equal to the trying emergency with which he was confronted. Later and more absorbing events have, it is true, cast the earlier struggles of the war into the shade; but who can ever forget the thrill of indignation and excitement which ran through the North when the first gun was fired against the flag? It is fitting that the story should be told with fullness and impartiality, and the public are indebted to General Doubleday for undertaking the task while the events narrated are still fresh in his memory, and while there is still an opportunity for conference and friendly criticism. He writes with the frankness of a soldier, and with an evident desire to do full justice to all parties concerned. From the letters, memoranda, and official documents in his possession he has made a most interesting Sumter monograph, which will be widely read.

MISS THACKERAY'S NEW STORY.

SINCE the announcement in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* of a new serial story by Miss THACKERAY, we regret to learn that, owing to a sad domestic affliction, she will be unable to complete the work at present. Her youngest sister, Mrs. LESLIE STEPHEN, died in London on the 28th of last November.

PERSONAL.

AFTER twelve years' service as Clerk of the House of Representatives, Mr. M'PHERSON retires, and will devote himself to the completion of a life of THADDEUS STEVENS, on which he has for some time been engaged.

—Colonel J. H. WOOD, who is in the theatrical trade in Chicago and Philadelphia, is said to own the largest diamond in America. It is set in a ring, and is valued at $50,000.

—The potentate of Siam has joined the royal list of authors, with a small cyclopedia on Siam statistics of literature, politics, geography, and history.

—It is stated of Queen VICTORIA that when at Windsor she occupies one hour every Sunday evening in giving religious instruction to the children connected with the castle.

—The main man on the Lowell *Courier* remarks that "when the Boss's case comes to trial now, it will be Tweed-le-dumb."

—Commodore VANDERBILT, with characteristic unostentation, has given another $100,000 to the Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, thus making the aggregate of his gift to that institution $700,000. The admirable old gentleman never sells "University" short. We may add that the university now has 200 students in its medical department, 150 in the literary department, 30 in the theological, and 20 in the law department.

—Cardinal RAUSCHER, who died on the 24th of November, was one of the small minority in the Papal Council who opposed vigorously the infallibility dogma.

—A London critic laughs at the way in which announcement is made of the birth of a prince or princess, and suggests that if it is to become a general custom, it will be proper to announce: "On the 5th inst., the wife of Rembrandt Umber, Esq., of a painter." "Yesterday morning, at 3 A.M., the Rev. Mrs. Manyofem, of a curate." "On the 26th ult., the wife of Doric Peristyle, Esq., of an architect." "On Friday evening last, Mrs. Whyte Lynen, of a laundress." "On the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. John Bull, Jun., of a butcher." And finally, in the case of twins, "On Saturday last, the wife of Professor Loftino Acrobati, of two bouncing brothers."

—The Emperor of Brazil has sent official notice to the Director-General of the Centennial Exposition of his intention to be present thereat. It is also said that the splendid mansion formerly occupied by Mr. MOOREHEAD, one of JAY COOKE'S partners, has been taken for the Emperor's use at the figure of $50,000. He is one of the most unassuming monarchs living. He is tall, erect, and of rather large frame, with a handsome head well set on a pair of broad shoulders. His face is large, but not too full, and the lower part of it is covered by a thick gray beard. His eyes are intelligent and sympathetic, and there is in the general expression of his face a certain unassuming kindliness which at once impresses itself upon one's memory and affections. In a few words, he may be said to look like what he is—a simple, pleasant gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence, and with a large fund of common-sense. His wife is also said to be of a kindly nature, and her influence is always exerted for good.

—The death is announced in London of the Rev. THOMAS JONES, the oldest clergyman in that city. He had reached the age of ninety-six years. In 1813 he was nominated by Dr. RANDOLPH, Bishop of London, to the office of chaplain, or "morning reader," at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall—a post he occupied until his death, retaining his rank, though for many years past he had ceased to officiate.

—General CARL SCHURZ keeps himself pretty well occupied. Besides sending leaders to his paper at St. Louis, he lectures three or four nights a week at $200 per night, and then comes back to New York to spend Saturday and Sunday with his family.

—Mr. JAMES WHITE, formerly a member of Parliament for Brighton, and a gentleman of ability and culture, sends home a report of the opening of his travels in the United States, in which he says: "If you ask me what has most struck me since my arrival in this country, it is that during the twenty-eight days I have been in it we have not been asked in our travels for alms by man, woman, or child. Second, that we have not seen a soldier. Third, the absence of book advertisements in many American newspapers of large circulation. Fourth, the very inferior character of many newspapers of good standing and repute."

—The total annual income of the Prince of Wales from all sources is about $575,000. The Princess receives, besides, $50,000. When they were married, twelve years ago, his income was $500,000. The savings of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority reached the sum of $2,700,000. Of this amount $1,100,000 was laid out in the purchase of the Sandringham estate, $300,000 on a house, and $300,000 for improvements to the buildings and property. The balance is added to the Prince's capital, and gives him the respectable income of $575,000 per annum, and it seems to be very hard for him to get on with that.

—The number and ingenuity of the begging letters, humble, admonitory, and threatening, sent to the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is almost incredible. Persons in all parts of the world about to marry have humbly solicited a thousand pounds or so to start them in life with. Miss A's prospects are blighted for want of a glass eye; B has a fortune within his grasp if he could only be provided with a cork leg. The Rev. C admonishes Miss COUTTS, a trustee of the affluence gifted from above for the benefit of the humble and needy, she is bound—he being afflicted in the mouth, and unable to preach the Gospel effectually—to provide him with a set of false teeth. One broiling-hot summer a correspondent begged that he might be introduced to the then youthful Prince of Wales. "I wish, madam, to have the honor of teaching his Royal Highness"—the thermometer ranging on that day between 85° and 90° in the shade—"to skate." From the beggar of five shillings, whose P.S. states that he awaits outside for an answer, up to a knot of Robert-Owen-ites with a brand-new social system, who requested Miss COUTTS to build a city for them in the Western wilds of America, there is no imaginable boon, however outrageous, which she has not been worried to grant. Then the unimaginable things she is asked to purchase! These range from unproductive estates to white mice and other wild and tame domestic pets. Stopping in a country town at fair time, Miss COUTTS was implored by a traveling show-woman, who could travel no longer, her horses having died of a prevailing infection, to buy her menagerie of wild beasts. Perhaps there was a white elephant among them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the Senate, December 13, Mr. Sargent introduced a bill to protect persons of foreign birth against forcible restraint or involuntary servitude. Referred. Senator Davis submitted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate why reports have not been made annually since the year 1865 of defaulters against the government, with the amounts of defalcations. Referred the next day to the Committee on Finance. Senator Morrill submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of providing by general law for the extradition of fugitives from justice upon proper application and proof by the government from whence they may have escaped, and also as to the propriety of refusing an asylum to fugitive criminals, and removing them from the country. Agreed to without division. The same day Senator Mitchell introduced a bill attaching the Territory of Alaska to and making it a part of Washington Territory, and for providing a civil government. Referred to Committee on Territories. Senator Edmunds introduced a bill to extend the duration of the Court of *Alabama* Claims till the 22d of July next. Referred to Judiciary Committee, and passed the next day by both Houses. Senator Merrimon, of North Carolina, introduced a bill repealing the law forbidding the payment of claims or demands against the United States which accrued or existed prior to the 13th day of April, 1861, in favor of any person who promoted, encouraged, or in any manner sustained the late rebellion. It further authorizes the settlement of such claims, and appropriates $400,000 for that purpose. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary.—In the House, December 14, 233 bills were introduced. Of these there were nearly a dozen bills referring directly or indirectly to specie payments. Mr. Chittenden, of this State, proposed that $3,000,000 of twenty-year 4½ per cent. bonds shall be sold each month for legal tenders, the latter to be immediately canceled and destroyed. Mr. Farwell introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to retire and cancel each month, beginning July 1, 1876, $1,000,000 of United States notes, until United States notes shall be on a par with gold, when such retirement and cancellation shall cease. Opposed to these two bills were no less than eight, introduced by as many Democrats, for the repeal of the act for the resumption of specie payments, and still others for the payment of customs dues in paper money. Mr. Blaine presented a bill in the House proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing that no State shall make any law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting a free exercise thereof, and that no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund thereof or any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and that no money or lands shall be divided among religious sects or denominations. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary. Three bills were introduced proposing to amend the Constitution relative to the Presidential term, viz., by Mr. Randall, providing that after the next Presidential election the President of the United States shall hold his office for six years, and that neither he nor the Vice-President (should the office of President devolve upon the latter) shall be eligible to re-election; by Mr. Morrison, fixing the Presidential term at six years, and making the President ineligible in any term of twelve years; by Mr. Harrison, fixing one term for the President, and making him ineligible thereafter, but making him a Senator for life from the United States at large at the expiration of his term. Several bills were introduced in the House for the reduction of rates on third-class mail matter. Mr. Eames, of Rhode Island, proposed to reduce postage on domestic letters to one cent per half ounce. Mr. Fort presented a resolution that it is the judgment of the House that, in all subordinate appointments under any officers of the House, preference should be given to disabled or wounded Union soldiers not disabled for duty. The previous question was demanded, but it was not seconded, the vote standing 99 yeas to 126 nays. Mr. Cox moved its reference to the Committee on Accounts, together with another resolution that, inasmuch as the Union has been restored, all its citizens are entitled to consideration in appointment to government offices. The motion to refer was carried by a strict party vote of 168 to 102. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, offered a resolution declaring it the duty of Congress to regulate inter-State railroads by appropriate legislation. Referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals. On motion of Mr. Springer, the House resolved to direct the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of reducing the army to 10,000 men, or to such number as will insure efficient public service at an expense of not more than $20,000,000 yearly. Mr. Willis introduced a bill providing for the expenditure of $1,000,000 for the improvement of the Harlem River, so as to render it navigable for the largest vessels from Ward's Island to the Hudson. Delegate Cannon moved for the admission of Utah as a State. Referred to the Committee on Territories.—On the 15th, Senator Morton presented concurrent resolutions defining State's rights, which were laid on the table and ordered printed. The same Senator also introduced resolutions calling for a committee of five to investigate the frauds in the recent election in Mississippi. Laid over for a day and ordered printed. A resolution was presented by Senator Stevenson calling for copies of all correspondence, orders, and instructions relating to the prosecution for whisky frauds in St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee, but after some discussion it was withdrawn.—The House, December 15, on motion of Mr. Holman, passed a resolution opposed to all subsidies, by a vote of 218 to 35. Of the 35 negative votes all but 5 were from Southern States. Mr. Randall introduced a bill removing all political disabilities, which was made a special order for December 21. Representative Hale presented a resolution in favor of prompt legislation to insure the resumption of specie payments, as provided for in the act of January 14, 1875. Referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency. Representative Starkweather introduced a bill to reduce postage on third-class mail matter to one cent for every two ounces. Referred to Post-office Committee. Representative Springer offered a resolution against the third term, and demanded the previous question, which was seconded by a vote of 232 to 18 and adopted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE of the passengers on the steamer *Mosel* at the time of the recent explosion at Bremerhaven soon afterward committed suicide. Before his death he confessed that he had constructed the infernal machine, and timed it by a clock-work mechanism to explode in mid-ocean, his motive being to destroy the vessel and recover large insurances. He intended to leave the steamer at Southampton. He was known as Thomassen, but afterward he stated that his real name was William King Thompson, of Brooklyn, New York. Thus far the total number of killed and wounded is upward of 200.

The French Assembly continued to ballot for Senators during the past week. The following were elected: MM. De Lavergne, Jaurez, Berthault, Royer, Calmon, Oscar de Lafayette, Reimilly, Luro, Fribert, Fourcaud, Hervé de Saisy, Gouin, Lepetit, Paul Morin, Scherer, De Tocqueville, Carnot, Lanfray, Rainpont, Testelin, Corbon, Crémieux, Littré, Scheurer Kestner, Bérenger, Magnin, Jules Simon, Billot, Cazot, Pichat, Schoelcher, Adam, and Normandie; and Viscount de Lorgeril, Count de Douhet, and Generals Chabron le Tellier, Valaze, Chareton, and Cissey.

An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Framières, near Mons, Belgium, by which 110 workmen were killed.

THE CHRISTMAS CHARIOT—THE COMING OF THE PLUM-PUDDING.

Lo! I'm the Queen of the Fairies. I sat on my throne one day,
And I watched the old world twirling and bounding along its way,
Till, weary of such commotion, I fled to a distant star,
When I saw that an aged traveler had followed me from afar.
He was riding upon a comet; his back was old and bent;
I could see from his weary gestures his strength was almost spent.
When presently he grew nearer, I watched the old man pause,
And then I saw that the stranger was no one but Santa Claus.

He reined up his steed beside me, and said, with a troubled mien:
"Aha! I am glad to find you, my gentle Fairy Queen.
Do you see that old world tumbling and bouncing along its way?
Do you know that each revolution is bringing us Christmas-day?
And, oh! such a crowd of youngsters are waiting for me down there—
A hundred hundred thousand, and all of them in my care.
You know the visits I make them whenever old Christmas nears,
And how I've traveled o'er chimney-tops for nearly two thousand years.
But see how old I am getting! just look how my back is bent!
And all of my bones are aching; my strength it is well-nigh spent.
My beard is white as a snow-flake; my eyes they are waxing dim;
And 'neath that burden of Christmas toys I scarcely can move a limb.
But still I must take the presents—that work belongs to me;
But after all that is finished, there's so much else, you see;
For you know upon Christmas morning can never a carol be sung
Till a million million of turkeys have heard their death-knell rung.
And then there's a great plum-pudding that must go to every house;
And, oh! I am quite exhausted, and weaker than any mouse!"
Now the poor old saint was weeping, with all his weight of woe,
And tears rolled over his furrowed cheeks and down on his beard of snow.

But over his wrinkled forehead one fairy hand I laid,
And then to the poor old gray-beard this was the promise I made:
"I know that you love the children, my poor old Santa Claus,
And now your heart you are breaking; the reason is only because
You think you are old and broken. Now lend your ears to me:
Suppose that there were no children, then where would the fairies be?
I will call up my train to help you. We will quit this restful star.
The turkeys shall be my reindeer; I'll harness them to a car,
And then, with the great plum-puddings, from house to house we'll go,
And the fairies' love for the children our Christmas journey will show.
Now will you have done with weeping, my poor discouraged elf?
I tell you the Queen of the Fairies shall drive the steeds herself;
And never has been a Christmas like that the world will know
When hand in hand with the fairies old Santa Claus shall go."

"NO SMALL BREED FER YER UNCLE ABE DIS CHRIS'MAS! AIN'T HE A CHERUB?"—[DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.]

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

Where the wild north winds their coldest blow,
'Mid the blinding drifts of the cruel snow,
An aged woman, with weary feet,
Has struggled on through the lonely street.
She sees the light in a window shine;
She reads the words on a lettered sign,
Proclaimed by the Prince of David's line:
Come unto Me ye that labor,
And I will give you rest.

To keep one shivering infant warm
She clasps it close to her half-numbed form;
And there, behind her, another stands,
So meekly pleading with outstretched hands;
But still the great light holds her there;
She looks no further, but lingers where,
In golden letters, the words declare:
Come unto Me ye that labor,
And I will give you rest.

Who knoweth what wilder storms have passed
O'er the drooping head of the poor outcast,
That she stops to rest where the glittering sign
Repeats the promise of lips divine?
Nor heeds what the wintry blast can do,
But only the letters, gold and blue—
The glorious message, sweet and true:
Come unto Me ye that labor,
And I will give you rest.

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE CITY.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," etc.

The fairies and good people are all gone away now, and even if any of them were left, the neighborhood of the London Exchange is about the last place in the world where one would naturally expect to find them. Nevertheless, a worthy couple living in a lane not far from the Mansion-house were regularly visited each New-Year's Day by an old gentleman who was quite as good as a fairy, because he invariably left a sovereign behind him; and so implicitly did they count on this visit that on each recurrent Christmas they indulged in a few simple but unwonted luxuries, knowing that the old gentleman's sovereign would pay for these. Not being philosophical persons, they did not ask themselves why they should eat better food on Christmas-day than on any other day: they were content to do as their neighbors.

The lane in which they lived had in former times been a place of great commercial repute; but now it had relapsed into dingy offices, restaurants, and billiard-rooms—the last much frequented about mid-day by young gentlemen who were supposed by their superiors or elder partners to be at lunch. John Holloway, his wife, and two children occupied the attic floor of one of the tall and narrow buildings; he was a salesman in a boot and shoe shop in Gracechurch Street, and these rooms were at once cheap and handy. Now one New-Year's Day, just as he was finishing his mid-day dinner, and preparing to return to the shop, some one came up the wooden staircase and knocked at the door. His wife was looking after the children; he himself answered the summons. He found before him a stout, middle-sized, respectable-looking old gentleman, who, as he presently discovered, spoke with a pronounced Scotch accent. Perhaps it was scarcely the accent that was so Scotch so much as the grave, earnest manner of utterance, which is characteristic of old Scotch people; for as a matter of fact the stranger frequently, and apparently unconsciously, used American colloquialisms. It was the matter rather than the manner of his speech which interested and even astounded Holloway. The old gentleman looked about him for a second or two in absolute silence; then he said, in a slow, deliberate way,

"You live here? Ay. It is strange. The place is little altered. That is the outlet on to the roof, is it not?"

He looked at a square aperture above his head, a sort of hatchway with a heavy wooden covering.

"Well, yes it is," said Holloway, regarding the stranger with amazement.

The old gentleman again stood silent for a second or two, looking around him in an absent way. Then he suddenly seemed to recollect himself.

"My friend, I beg your pardon. I am an old man—I forget sometimes. You were saying that the place had not been altered for years: has the roof been altered? Is the roof still the same? Are the ridges still there? And the red tiles?"

Holloway began to think that the old gentleman was a trifle off his head; but being a good-natured man, he answered civilly that as far back as he knew, the attics of this old-fashioned building had not been altered, and that the roof was still in ridges and tiled. Thereupon the old gentleman—whose voice seemed to quaver at times—asked if he might be permitted to go up and out on the roof for a couple of minutes by himself. It would be a great kindness. He would gladly give Holloway a sovereign for his trouble in getting a ladder.

Holloway hesitated. There was no trouble about it, for the steps were close by; but he began to suspect that all was not right. What could be the object of any one in going out on this dilapidated old roof—on the gray and raw afternoon of a January day—with nothing visible but the backs of a lot of buildings and a bit of the side wall of the Mansion-house?

All the same, he looked at the old gentleman. He did not appear to be one likely to be connected with a gang of house-breakers. In any case, what harm could be done in a couple of minutes? He would himself go up and examine the place as soon as the old gentleman had gone.

So he got the steps, removed the wooden covering of the hatchway, and assisted the stranger to ascend. In two or three minutes the old Scotchman came down again, slipped a sovereign into Holloway's hand without speaking a word, and hurried away.

By this time Holloway ought to have been on his way back to the shop; but, just to make sure that he had done no mischief, he went out and on to the roof. Certainly there was nothing very wonderful to be seen in the slopes of tiles rising on each side to a stack of chimneys. There was no trace of the old gentleman having been there—no rope thrown over to a neighboring building, no preparation for a burglary. He descended, told his wife of the matter, and then hurried off to the shop, puzzled, but a sovereign the richer.

Well, year by year this mysterious old gentleman punctually paid the visit, and Holloway and his wife received their sovereign, and were none the wiser. It is true, they gathered several particulars about himself, for he was far from being taciturn; and once or twice, when he had brought the children some small present, he stopped for a little while and talked. He was a Mr. Duncan Macnab—that they knew. They gathered from his conversation that he had been many years abroad, engaged in commerce; that his return to England had taken place just before his first visit to the lane; that he was rich; that he had but few acquaintances, and probably no relations, for he never spoke of any. But as to the object of this annual visit no reference was ever made by him, and of course they dared not ask. But they talked about it between themselves, Mrs. Holloway being especially curious.

One New-Year's Day Mr. Macnab did not arrive at the usual time, and the salesman and his wife began to look grave, for a sovereign which they had spent in anticipation was of consequence to them. Holloway waited a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, half an hour, after the time at which he was due at the shop; then he gave up hope, and gloomily went off to his business. He had not been gone five minutes when the old gentleman arrived.

Now if Holloway had been at home, his wife's curiosity would have been kept within bounds; but as it was, it overmastered her courtesy, and she resolved to find out at last what this mystery was. No sooner had Mr. Macnab gone out on the roof than she stealthily crept up the steps, listening intently. There was no sound. She ventured to put out her head a little bit, and then she saw that his back was turned to her. She could not resist the temptation to wait and see.

Yet what did she see, after all? Here was an old man standing on an old-fashioned tiled roof, and apparently lost in silence and contemplation. Then he took out from his pocket a small bottle and a glass, and she saw that his hand trembled as he filled the glass. And what was it he said, in a low and broken voice?

"I drink this glass to you, Ben-na-Braren, and to you, Corrie-Cranach, and to you, Ben Lena, and to any that may be alive now and near ye, and to the memory of her that kenned ye all."

He turned his head as he spoke, and she saw that tears were running down his face. At the same moment, too—her curiosity had spell-bound her, and she could not stir—she found him looking at her. An awful sense of guilt rushed in upon her conscience; and in some wild way she thought of standing her ground and making an excuse; but the old man's look had nothing in it of anger or vexation at being watched. He merely said, coming forward to her,

"Take heed, my good woman, that ye do not fall."

"I—I thought"—she stammered; and, indeed, as she had no excuse at all, she was forced to save herself from further confusion by simply descending the frail steps. He followed her.

The timid little woman stood before him, with her eyes cast down, as if she expected judgment to be pronounced upon her. He seemed either unaware of her indiscretion or resolved to take no notice of it.

"Where are the children, good-wife? I have some bits of things for them. Guess they don't know much about New-Year's Day in this country; but sweetmeats and toys never come wrong."

The children were soon put into possession of these presents, the old man meanwhile regarding them with a strange and wistful look on his face.

"London bairns—ay," he said, apparently to himself. "The cheek white, the arms thin. But I reckon they're used to it, poor things. It is different wi' them that come from the hills: the London air tells on their cheeks too, but that is only the first of it—only the first of it."

He roused himself from this reverie.

"Good-wife, when will your husband be home the night?"

"A few minutes after eight, Sir."

"Well, tell him I will come down then and see him. I want him to do a bit job for me."

"Very well, Sir."

In the evening the old gentleman came at the appointed hour; and then it appeared his errand was to ask Holloway to take charge of a couple of flower boxes which he, Mr. Macnab, proposed to place on the roof which he had visited in the afternoon. Mr. Macnab would send the boxes, have them filled up, and supplied from time to time with such plants as were appropriate to the season; all that Holloway would have to do would be to water the flowers from time to time.

"Yes, Sir, I shall be very glad to have the boxes," said he; but he looked rather doubtfully at Mr. Macnab. He could not tell where this mania was to end.

Perhaps something in his tone or look struck the old Scotchman, who immediately said:

"And I suppose now ye are wondering what concern I have wi' that roof o' yours. Well, it is an old story and a long story; I thought there was no one left to care to hear it, until I saw the good-wife's head to-day peeping over the tiles, and then I knew she was curious as the rest of the women. Hoots, good-wife, there wa'n't no harm done—none at all. You go and fetch the supper in, like a sensible woman, and I'll tell you the story—and I will take a glass of whisky, if ye do not mind, which I have in my pocket. It is not the first yarn I've spun in this very room, Mr. Holloway, for I was a tenant here thirty years ago. Good-wife, could you give me a drop o' hot watter?"

The story was a simple one enough, but it had its touches both of fun and of pathos, and it was garrulous and good-natured. The old gentleman did not seek to conceal the fact that, as a boy, his conduct had not been of the best. He was more familiar with the hills and glens, with the haunts of rabbit and blackcock and snipe, in the neighborhood of the small Highland town in which he was brought up, than with the interior of the parish school-room. In fact, when he did present himself before the dominie, the introduction to the day's exercises was invariably a couple of "liffies,"* administered as punishment for his having played truant. Moreover, Killietown was famous for its herring fleet; and young Macnab being a great favorite with the fishermen, they were always ready to take him off with them when they left before sunset for the night's expedition, bringing him back in the cold gray dawn much more inclined for sleep than for vulgar fractions and the reading of the New Testament. The boy's uncle, a shrewd and patient old Scotchman of the name of Imrie, who kept a shop for the sale of all sorts of ship's stores, and who was responsible for the bringing up of this incorrigible lad, knew not what to do with him. His own daughter, a blue-eyed little lass of eleven or twelve, aided and abetted the ne'er-do-weel as much as she was able—saying nothing about his playing truant, standing by him when he was found out, and sometimes even abandoning her own lessons and domestic duties to join this indolent young rascal in an excursion after blaeberries through the neighboring glens. Of course these two became sweethearts, and young Duncan declared his bold intention of sailing away in one of the king's ships as soon as he was old enough, and going to the countries that were filled with diamonds and jewels, and fighting and winning a heap of these, that so he might come back and make Mary Imrie his wife. And she was quite content to wait.

In the mean time, however, Duncan Macnab was forced to content himself with less ambitious work. His uncle took him away from school, and wanted to apprentice him—for the lad was tall and strong for his age—to a blacksmith. That was no use. Duncan took as naturally to the sea as a wild-duck that has been reared by the side of a mountain tarn. He was continually with the fishermen. At last his uncle let him have his will. Duncan joined a crew consisting of four brothers who had bought a smack among themselves, and then his life as a fisherman began.

So the time went on, and Duncan Macnab and his cousin Mary Imrie were growing up. He, indeed, had so far advanced to man's estate that, in the seasons when there was no fishing possible, he had gone to Greenock, hired himself out for a voyage, and come back with money in his pocket. He had not yet fallen in with the king's ship that was to take him to the country of gold and diamonds, but he had found out a way of earning a livelihood which made him independent of his uncle, and he worked hard, saved what he could, and drank as little as any inhabitant of Killietown could do. For all that, old John Imrie could never look upon the lad otherwise than as a wild harum-scarum fellow, who was born to be a trouble to all his friends; and at last, when some neighbor hinted to the old store-keeper that his daughter and Duncan Macnab were a likely-looking young couple, and when the question was asked whether any thing was as yet settled, Mr. Imrie brought matters to a crisis. He told the young man to look out for lodgings in the town, and gave him to understand that he was not to speak to his cousin unless when he was formally invited to the house.

This abrupt and harsh conduct bore its natural fruit. The young people met by stealth, and vowed, with many tears, that nothing on earth should part them. It was the old story over again. In telling it, over his whisky-and-water in John Holloway's parlor, old Duncan Macnab seemed to be looking at a picture that was far away. The picture was mostly of a wild and stormy night when the herring fleet had thought it more prudent to remain in shelter—the harbor of Killietown a black expanse with one or two points of green and red fire where the coasters had hung up their lights; the town visible only as a semicircle of shops, their windows blazing out into the dark, the streets muddy and glistening with the rain. Then he could see a young fellow, not heeding the wet very much, pacing up and down in the darkness, and watching from time to time the lighted doorway of one of the shops; then the muffled-up figure of a young girl coming out; then the hurrying away of these two to the end of the pier, and a brief, hurried, happy interview, notwithstanding the rain and the darkness. But it was quite otherwise on one occasion when Duncan Macnab came home from the longest voyage he had as yet undertaken. It was in the summer-time, for he had got back to the herring fishing; and when he arrived in Killietown he heard that Mary Imrie was staying with a certain Mrs. MacDonald, a relative of hers, who had a farm some few miles inland among the hills. Now the sailor lad was a great favorite with this Mrs. MacDonald, and he made no scruple about going straight away to the farm and demanding that he should be allowed to see his cousin. Not only was that favor granted him, but the old Highland woman also bade him rest content at the farm for as long as he liked, seeing that she had but few neighbors, and had seldom a stranger face to look at. The young sailor remained at Sonachie Farm for seven long happy summer days.

It was, indeed, a time which these two ever afterward remembered as the happiest of their life; and there grew up, in the girl more especially, a sentiment of gratitude even to the inanimate objects around her—to the silent and beautiful glen, called Corrie-Cranach, where she and her lover used to wander; to the mystic solitudes of the great Ben-na-Braren, where sometimes they could descry a herd of red deer trooping quietly along the mountain-side; and to the more accessible Ben Lena, on the other side of the valley, which they oftentimes climbed to get a glimpse of the distant sea. Mrs. Holloway observed that whenever the old gentleman had to mention the names of these places his eyes filled, and he paused in his speech for a moment.

Well, it was at this farm of Sonachie that these two young people made a solemn compact with each other—to this effect, that if Mr. Imrie would not listen to any reason or persuasion, they two would face the world together on their own account; that is to say, if he would not consent, they would do without his consent; and that was exactly how matters turned out. The old store-keeper was in a terrible rage when he heard that Duncan Macnab had been up at Sonachie Farm. He went himself for his daughter and marched her home. He forbade her to leave the house for one moment without his permission. But she did leave it—and for good. One wet and misty morning John Imrie stood looking at a heavy-looking sloop that was just getting out of the harbor on her way to Greenock. He had been offered a share in her by the owners, and he was having a speculative look at her as the great brown sails got more and more of the wind, and the vessel became more and more dim in the rain. He did not know that both Duncan Macnab and Mary Imrie were on board that boat, though he was apprised of the fact by a letter which he found on his return to the store. He made no fuss about the matter. He got another young lass to keep his accounts, and let his neighbors understand that he did not wish to talk about what had occurred.

Macnab and his sweetheart were married in Greenock, and then the girl wrote to her father, begging his forgiveness (though she honestly declined to say that she was sorry for the step she had taken), and offering, on the part of herself and her husband, to return to Killietown if her father would meet them on friendly terms. That letter was not answered. Then she wrote to Mrs. MacDonald, begging her to go down to Killietown and see what could be done. Mrs. MacDonald replied that she had done so, that Mr. Imrie's answer was that if his daughter returned to Killietown, he would leave it, and that it was quite hopeless to try to make him alter his decision.

Now Duncan Macnab was a resolute, enterprising young fellow; and having patiently, out of deference to his wife's wishes, waited to see these negotiations finished, he set about making the best of existing circumstances. Moreover, the girl too showed high courage. She had thrown in her lot with the man whom she most loved in the world, and she was too high-spirited to confess to certain lingering lookings back. She was not afraid. She only bargained that, until all other resources had been tried, Duncan should not go to sea, for she did not wish to be left alone in a town like Greenock, the size and noise of which bewildered her. To this Duncan replied that as he had been able to earn a living at sea, he did not doubt he would be able to do so on land.

Good fortune generally comes to those who have the least fear of bad. The young fellow had been only three days in Greenock, making such applications for work as he could, when he ran across the owner of a ship in which he had made two or three voyages, and on this occasion the gentleman in question was accompanied by his brother, the manager of a bank in London. The latter, on hearing Duncan's story, and perhaps a bit impressed by the young fellow's frank face, said he thought he could get him a situation as hall porter to a bank in London, with £1 a week, free rooms at the top of the house, and coals.

"These are the rooms we came to," said the old Scotchman. "This was the first house we set foot in in London."

The young Scotch girl carried her brave spirit up with her to London, resolved to make the best of circumstances; and the circumstances were not bad. Duncan's work was light enough, and he had plenty of leisure in the long evenings for educating himself, which he immediately set to work to do. Then the young wife knew little of the roar and bustle of London; she lived far above it, and it was understood that she should not descend from her empyrean heights during office hours. Accordingly, she set to make a home for herself not only in the lofty little rooms themselves, but actually on the house-top; and there she had flower boxes with various flowers in them; and on the quiet summer evenings, when Duncan had shut up the bank and gone up to his wife, that was a pleasant place for them to sit, especially as there was a stone coping to the front wall which insured their safety. And then it was that the girl, laughing at her own folly, began to make this a Highland home for herself; and that ridge of the red roof, that was the giant Ben-na-Braren; and that other ridge, that was her beloved Ben Lena, with the sea, invisible, behind it; and the hollow between, with the flowers down the centre of it, what could that be but the beautiful silent glen of Corrie-Cranach? In the gladness of her heart she would laugh and talk to those friends of her

* Obviously from *loof*, the palm of the hand. The instrument of castigation is a good thick band of leather, sometimes divided into two tails.

youth; and when she read in the afternoon, it was as if she were in the still solitude of Corrie-Cranach, until the red sun in the west went down behind the Mansion-house, withdrawing the ruddy glow from the ridge of Ben Lena, and then she knew it was time to descend and prepare her husband's supper.

He grew to have as firm a faith in these fancies as herself. On high days and holidays—when the birthday of one of their distant friends came round again, for example—they invariably paid a visit to these Highland solitudes to drink a glass to the health of the absent one. But they had grown to regard the mountains and the glen as personal friends also; and the young wife, laughing, though there were sometimes tears in her eyes, never failed to say, "*And I drink to you too, Ben-na-Braren, and to you, Ben Lena, and to you, my beautiful Corrie-Cranach, and to all that we know that are near you.*"

Now during the progress of this story, if story it could be called, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway had noticed that the old gentleman, who had begun in a jocular and garrulous manner, had grown more and more absent, and his talk disconnected. He was obviously far more engrossed with these circumstances of his by-gone life than with the circumstances around him. At times it almost seemed as if he were speaking to himself. Then he ceased altogether; and his hand was playing rather nervously with the glass before him on the table.

He rose suddenly.

"Well, my friends," he said, with an effort, "that is all the story ye would care to hear. You wanted to know why I come to see ye on the New-Year's Days. That is it. We were Scotch folk; we drank a glass to our friends on the New-Year's Day; and when I came back again to England I thought I should like to come and see the old place."

They rose also, for he was obviously going. Somehow they did not like to ask him questions: he was troubled.

He preceded them to the door, and turned round with a brisker air.

"I wish ye good-night. The boxes will be here in a day or two, I guess; and you will pay good heed to them, good-wife."

"Indeed I will, Sir," said the shy little woman, hurriedly. "But if I might make so bold, Sir—you were speaking of the flowers that the young lady put up there—did she live here long?"

He paused for a moment.

"She lived in London, in this house, for one year and two months, and it seemed a short time to both of us. When she was dying, she said she would just like to see, only for once— But indeed there is no more of that story that ye would care to hear. Them that it concerns are all dead now, I suppose, except myself, and I shall not be long in following."

With that he abruptly turned and disappeared down the narrow staircase. Three days afterward the flower boxes came; they were covered over with glass, and had a few spring flowers—from a greenhouse, of course—in them. A few days after that again, old Macnab called on the Holloways, and had a look at the boxes. He was surprised to find that the flowers had not withered by that time; but as they were evidently going, he said he would send and replace them.

After that he used to call more frequently, and made up for any trouble he might give the Holloways by bringing or sending them presents on various excuses. He became very friendly with them, and was blithe and cheerful in conversation; but he never referred again to the story he had told them on that New-Year's night.

This state of affairs continued till May last, and then Mr. Macnab's visits ceased altogether. The Holloways were surprised: they were unconscious of having given him any cause of offense; indeed, however friendly he might be in his manner, they always treated him with great respect, and they had grown accustomed to his periodical visits. They knew his address, and they would greatly have liked to know merely that he was well; but it was not their place, they considered, to go visiting a gentleman who lived in Connaught Square.

At length, however, somewhere about a month after the old Scotchman's visits had ceased, a tall, grave person called upon the Holloways, and asked them if they had known a Mr. Macnab. They said they had.

"The poor old gentleman," he said, "is dead. He died a few days ago, after lying for a long time in a state of insensibility which followed an apoplectic stroke. You were very well acquainted with him, were you not?"

John Holloway merely said that Mr. Macnab had come to his house several times, and that his wife and himself had been glad to see him.

"Because," said the stranger, "he seems to have had no one about him who was familiar with his ways. He has left his fortune, which is a tolerably large one, to various institutions, with the exception of one small legacy, which falls to you. It is £50 a year. There are no conditions attached, but there is one very odd request made in connection with this legacy. It is about that principally I have called—to see if you understood what the old gentleman meant. He says he does not bind you, by this £50, to any service, but he begs of you that as long as you remain in this house you will look after certain flower boxes, and also that on a particular evening, which you know, you should pay a visit to certain strange places."

The stranger took a piece of paper from his pocket and consulted some memoranda.

"Ben-na-Braren and Ben Lena and Corrie-Cranach, which, he says, are in your immediate neighborhood, and that you should drink a glass 'to the memory of her that knew them.' This is a very strange request. Do you understand what it all means?"

Apparently Mrs. Holloway did: she was silently crying. As for her husband, he said:

"It was not necessary for the old gentleman to have left us money to do that. We could have done that without any money, I think."

"Well, you rob no one by taking it," continued the stranger. "Will you give me a call in a day or two? This is my name and address."

Since then the Holloways have faithfully attended to the first portion of the old gentleman's prayer. As regards the second, one may be sure that the honest salesman will not forget, on the afternoon of the coming New-Year's Day, to go up and drink a glass "*to you, Ben-na-Braren, and to you, Corrie-Cranach, and to you, Ben Lena, and to the memory of her that knew you.*" And if his wife had only some little knowledge of the Highlands, she would doubtless burst into laughter over his pronunciation of the Gaelic names; but perhaps she will not be thinking of laughing at all just then.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1876.

Saturday,	1.—Circumcision.
Sunday,	2.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Thursday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	6.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

LAY evangelists are multiplying, and are received, when well known as good men, with favor by the people. Mr. E. P. HAMMOND is having great success in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as is also Mr. EARLE in Troy, New York. Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS are still laboring in the Northwest. Another evangelist of less note is holding crowded meetings in Springfield, Ohio; and the meetings of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in Philadelphia go on with unabated interest.

The fondness for theological debate which was characteristic of our West in the days of the early settlers has not yet altogether died out. A tournament of this kind recently held at Carrollton, Missouri, lasted fourteen days. Ministers were present from all parts of Missouri and Arkansas, and the debaters went learnedly into the niceties of Greek and Hebrew usage. An enthusiastic correspondent writes to a Chicago paper that "among the grand results which have followed such debates are the planting of churches, the stay of heretical sentiments, and the founding of institutions of learning." It is suggested, therefore, that the friends of a certain university known to be in need of funds should indulge in a theological debate.

The six weeks of Universalist revival meetings in New York and its vicinity closed at Greenpoint December 3. They were well attended. Dr. CHAPIN's sermon drew an audience larger than the Greenpoint chapel could accommodate. It is expected that these services will be resumed after the holidays.

The persecution of Protestants at Acapulco, in which the life of Rev. M. N. HUTCHINSON was greatly endangered, has had an effect not contemplated by the persecutors. The Presbyterian Church in that city now has one hundred members, and in nearly thirty adjacent towns and settlements the number of converts made since the outbreak is reported to be four hundred and ninety-six. Of these some are persons of much social and political influence. Mr. HUTCHINSON is in the city of Mexico, and directs the work. His associates have a hard fight, but show a courageous spirit.

An invitation is about to be issued to the Lutheran ministers of the United States, of all Synods, to attend a "General Congress" in one of our central cities. The object will be to discuss the issues of the day in carefully prepared essays. One of the topics suggested is of much importance to the Lutheran body—"How may we best promote harmony among the various Synods, which, though essentially agreeing in the faith, do not coalesce?"

The Bishop White Prayer-book Society is an organization which occupies itself with the distribution of the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At the annual meeting recently held in Philadelphia it was reported that 9768 copies of the Prayer-book had been distributed during the year, and also 6866 copies of the Hymnal. Since the close of the fiscal year (September 30) 2079 Prayer-books and 1794 Hymnals have been furnished to those who desired them.

Bishop WHITTAKER, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Nevada, publishes an appeal for help. Two-thirds of his white congregation (St. Paul's) in Virginia City were burned out by the great fire, and many of them left penniless. The Chinese quarter of the city was swept away, and with it the chapel in which AH FOR preached to his countrymen.

It is proposed to publish in a volume the essays read at the centennial commemoration of the founding of Presbyterianism in Western Pennsylvania. As contributions to the ecclesiastical history of our country, they will be especially valuable.

The work of Protestant evangelization among the French Canadians is assuming remarkable proportions. Father CHINIQUY'S success in Montreal has already been noticed in this Intelligence. He recently sent to Bishop BOURGET the names of 157 new converts. Some of the young men are now enrolled as students in the Presbyterian College of Montreal. A "Ladies' French Evangelization Society of the Presbyterian Church of Canada" has been organized. In Nova Scotia Mr. E. D. PELLETIER has reported the names of 125 converts. At times the Catholics become violent, but, so far, freedom of religion has been faithfully upheld by the local magistrates.

An English paper furnishes a condensed statement of the progress of Christianity in India from the census returns. There are in all not quite 900,000, or less than one in 200 of the population, and even of these some 250,000 appear to be Europeans, or to have European blood in their veins. About three-fifths of the Christians in India are in Madras, where, in addition to those in the native states, they number about 534,000, approaching two per cent. of the population; 416,000 are Roman Catholics, and 118,000 are enrolled as Protestants. In Bombay there are 126,000 Christians, forming less than one per cent. of the population. Nearly 83,000 of these are returned as Roman Catholics (chiefly the Indo-Portuguese); about 19,000 are described simply as native converts, and 24,000 as Protestants, of whom four-fifths belong to the Church of England. In Bengal 90,000 persons are described as Christians, again less than one per cent. of the population. There are several missions in the neighborhood of Calcutta, but only about 3000 "native Christians" are returned in the city itself. In Mysore there are nearly 26,000 Christians, of whom 18,000 are "native;" nine-tenths are Roman Catholics. Of the Christians in the little state of Coorg, there are 3000 "native," and 1900 of them are Roman Catholics. In Berar about 900 Christians are enumerated, but natives are not separated from Europeans or Eurasians. In British Burmah there are 52,000 Christians, or nearly two per cent. of the population. It is forty-five years since RAMMOHUN ROY founded a society at Calcutta with the view of reclaiming Hindoos from idolatry and establishing a pure monotheism. In 1859 KESHUB CHUNDER SEN was enrolled a member, and in 1866 he seceded from the original society, and formed a separate sect called the Brahmo Somaj, or the Prathana Somaj, as the members call themselves in the Bombay Presidency, where 221 were enumerated. Very few persons returned themselves as Brahmos in Bengal, and only 92 in Calcutta, where there is said to be a considerable community of them. They are, however, believed to have congregations in most of the districts.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

RECENT developments in regard to the treatment of juvenile acrobats have awakened a general sympathy in behalf of these unfortunate children. Many have been rescued from their hard task-masters. A short time ago a little boy, seven or eight years old, after six months of continued ill treatment in teaching him to perform on the trapeze, was taken from his cruel master and restored to his parents. Little Albert's parents found it difficult to provide for their large family, and when a gymnast who had won the confidence of the child offered to educate him as an acrobat, and to treat him kindly as if he were his own son, the parents reluctantly parted with the boy, and bound him out for ten years. Albert's master took him on a tour through the country, but in various ways reports came back to the anxious parents of his barbarous treatment of the child. Suspended at dizzy heights, he was forced to perform feats which filled him with terror; and if he faltered in his tasks, he was beaten unmercifully. The parents used all the means in their power to get back their boy, but failing in their effort, they appealed to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The superintendent immediately instituted a search for the child, and by the assistance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Cincinnati, little Albert was rescued from his master at Bellevue, Kentucky. The appearance of the poor boy showed plainly how cruelly he had suffered, both physically and mentally, during his six months' bondage.

Christmas garlands, Christmas toys, Christmas trees, Christmas stockings, Christmas dinners! Every thing about us is a reminder of the soon-coming merry holiday. And the children are gay and glad and very mysterious over their little secrets; and their elders, unless they are exceptionally unsympathetic, can not help joining in their youthful enthusiasm. The young in heart, though old in years, grow fresher at Christmas time. And even to many an old "Scrooge" there come such visions of the past, the present, and the future that he learns to say, "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year."

Science has made such progress that now a single human hair is brought as an evidence of guilt in a criminal trial. Recently, at the trial in Boston of Thomas W. Piper for the murder of Mabel Young, a hair which had been found adhering to the coat of the accused was compared under the microscope with hairs from the head of the murdered child, and evidence given to show that it possessed certain special characteristics which identified it as belonging to her. The defense objected that these characteristics did not prove positive identity; but the matter is interesting as indicating the minuteness to which scientific researches are carried.

Few persons have such self-possession as is recorded of Maréchal De Faber. At a siege, while he was pointing out a place with his finger, a musket-ball carried off the finger. Instantly stretching out another, he continued his discourse: "Gentlemen, as I was saying—"

Investigations which have been made in reference to the loss of the *City of Waco* off Galveston Bar do not give any very satisfactory result. It will be remembered that in consequence of the fearful fire which occurred on this steam-ship every soul on board perished either by fire or water. The vessel had as a part of her cargo a large quantity of petroleum or some other inflammable or explosive oil, which certainly must have aggravated the horrors of the scene. But what was the origin of the fire has not yet been discovered.

A trunk led to the discovery and arrest of Lucius W. Pond, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who, after having committed enormous forgeries, fled on October 2 to escape the punishment of his crimes. The details of his frauds and mysterious disappearance are well known, and detectives have been searching for him for many weeks. It was ascertained that he was in Hamilton, Ontario, on the 6th of October, and registered his name at a hotel as "L. Wilson." A detective followed him, and identified his handwriting. On November 17 a trunk was taken from Mr. Pond's house in Worcester, but the matter was not thought of as important until the 26th, when it was ascertained that the trunk had been sent to a certain address in Boston, marked "to be called for." The detective went to Boston, only to learn that the trunk had been delivered to a stranger, and sent by another express company to Sacramento, California, to the address "L. D. Wilson." The information was obtained by telegram that the trunk was delivered in Sacramento to a man who had gone to San Francisco. Thither the detective went, and there Mr. Pond was arrested about December 8. So much for following the travels of a trunk.

At the inquest held at Harwich on the bodies from the wreck of the *Deutschland*, the captain stated in evidence that he was thirty-five miles out of his course when the steamer struck the bar.

Jubilee Hall, of Fisk University, in Nashville, Tennessee, will probably be dedicated on the 1st of January, 1876. The prospects are that the present campaign of the Jubilee Singers in England will be as successful as their first visit was. The upper stories of the hall are nearly finished, and ready for the furniture. Seventy-six rooms are to be furnished with black-walnut sets, which have been donated by friends in America and England.

Some new ocean steamers have a ladder in the state-rooms from the floor to the upper berths. This will be a great convenience in rough weather.

From Lima, in Peru, come remarkable statements to the effect that about five thousand skeletons have been discovered in the walls of a hospital. It having become necessary to make repairs in the San Andreas Hospital, which was built in 1557, one of the walls was demolished. The workmen were amazed to find that the wall was hollow and filled with human remains, which were removed as speedily as possible. All the skeletons appear to have been clothed, and many of the dresses remained in good condition. It is the general impression that these bones belonged to victims of the Inquisition. They appear to be about two hundred years old, and give evidence of having been thrown into the opening between the walls.

It is proposed that the New England farmer's log-house of one hundred years ago, which is to be exhibited at the Centennial, be built by the agricultural societies and farmers' clubs of Massachusetts.

"I never use money that belongs to other people," was a remark once made by Abraham Lincoln; and much trouble would be avoided if this principle should be more generally adopted. It is related of Lincoln that when he was postmaster in a small Western town, before he moved to Springfield, the Washington agent came to collect a small sum due the General Post-office. Lincoln was poor, and he received but little from his office. A friend, thinking he might be embarrassed, went to the office to loan him the sum necessary to meet the demand. Mr. Lincoln thanked him, but said he did not need it; and while the two were talking, the agent came in. The postmaster went to his desk, took out an old stocking, and turned the coin on the table—the exact amount demanded, and the identical money he had taken in. It was then he said, "I never use money that belongs to other people."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"CLASS in the middle of geography, stand up," said a school-master. "What is a pyramid?" he asked. "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other." "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales!" "All over the sea." "Very well," said the school-master, "stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the Dark Ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next. Master Biggs, can you tell me what the Dark Ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented." "Go to your seats."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family was asked by his children "what made the boat go," when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, "No, many thanks, my dear madam. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until a manifest sense of internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

Tompkins considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed: "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

Mr. Paradox is not what you may consider an intemperate man, by any means, but he calls on the old lady once in a while for the boot-jack to draw his hat off with.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty!" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed, "Tears can not restore her—therefore I weep."

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now you see where I am through my own exertions." "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand dollars in debt."

As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king." "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Where should he learn manners?" replied Jack; "he was never outside of land in his life."

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary toward winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

An original neighbor of old Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

THE WATCH ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.—[See Poem on Page 10.]

THE WATCH ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

Close by the chimney, on Christmas-eve,
  Are huddled two tiny forms;
The rafters creak and the windows shriek,
  And the night is wild with storms.
'Tis a lonely watch, for the spectre doubt
  Has entered a childish breast,
And faith to-night must be lost in sight,
  And the spirit laid at rest.

"Are you sure he'll come?" says a tiny voice;
  "Oh, *say* you are certain quite!
Oh, what could we do if it shouldn't be true,
  And nobody came to-night?"
But the sweeter tones of a childish trust
  Break in on the other's doubt:
"Oh, never you fear, you'll see him here
  When the midnight bells ring out."

"Perhaps they have told us a story, though—
  You see we're such little boys;
I should feel so bad, if I thought they had,
  That I'd hate the Christmas toys.
Do you think he'll care for the wind and rain—
  They say he is getting old—
With that heavy pack on his poor humpback,
  And the night so very cold?"

"I tell you the reindeer bring him here,
  And the load of toys is light;
His coat is warm, and he laughs at storm:
  I *know* he'll come to-night.
There never can be a doubt, I say,
  Oh, never a cause to fear;
Our watch we'll keep while the others sleep,
  And we're sure to see him here."

But the minutes drag, and the small heads droop,
  When soft through the parlor door
Two shadows creep, while the bright eyes sleep,
  For the bold night-watch is o'er.
They cram the stockings with loads of toys,
  And then, with stealthy tread,
They lift each form in its night-gown warm,
  And put the watchers to bed.

THE CENTENNIAL.

In the Supplement to this number of *Harper's Weekly* we give a double-page bird's-eye view of the Centennial Exhibition Grounds in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, showing the progress made on the various buildings up to a recent date. The grounds are situated on the western bank of the Schuylkill River, and within Fairmount Park, the largest public park in proximity to a great city in the world, and one of the most beautiful in the country. The Park contains 3160 acres, 450 of which have been inclosed for the Exhibition. Besides this tract, there will be large yards near by for the exhibition of stock, and a farm of forty-two acres has already been suitably planted for the tests of plows, mowers, reapers, and other agricultural machinery.

The articles to be exhibited have been classified in seven departments, which, for the most part, will be located in appropriate buildings, whose several areas are as follows:

Departments.	Buildings.	Acres covered.
1. Mining and Metallurgy 2. Manufactures 3. Education and Science	Main Building	21.47
4. Art	Art Gallery	1.5
5. Machinery	Machinery Building.	14.
6. Agriculture	Agricultural "	10.
7. Horticulture	Horticultural "	1.5
Total		48.47

This provides nearly ten more acres for exhibiting space than there were at Vienna, the largest international exhibition yet held. Yet the applications of exhibitors have been so numerous as to exhaust the space, and many important classes of objects must be provided for in special buildings, the number of which will probably exceed 200. Several foreign nations—England, Germany, Austria, France, and others—are putting up one or more structures each for the purposes of exhibition, or for the use of the commissioners, exhibitors, and visitors. Head-quarters will also be provided by the several States of the Union. Special buildings will be provided to meet the requirements of a number of trade and industrial associations. This course is rendered necessary by the large amount of space for which exhibitors have applied. In the Main Exhibition Building, for example, 333,300 square feet of space had been applied for by the beginning of October by American exhibitors only, whereas the aggregate space which it has been possible to reserve for the United States Department is only 160,000 square feet, about one-third of which will be consumed by passageways.

The immense building designed for the exhibition of machinery is already covered by applications for space. There are about 1000 American exhibitors in this department, 150 English, and 150 from other European countries, which is about 250 more than entered the Vienna Machinery Exhibition. Extra provision is being made for annexes to accommodate the hydraulic machinery, the steam hammers, forges, hoisting engines, boilers, plumbers, carpenters, etc.

One of the most attractive features of the Centennial will doubtless be the Art Exhibition. American and foreign artists will send works, on which they are now engaged. Applications from abroad alone call for more than four times the amount of space afforded in Memorial Hall, and provision for the surplus will be made in temporary fire-proof buildings, though all exhibiting nations will be represented in the central Art Gallery.

Our illustration gives an indication of the extensive preparations which the people of Philadelphia are making for the accommodation of the immense throngs of visitors from all parts of the world who will crowd that city from the time of the opening of the Exhibition, on the 10th of May next, till its close, on the 10th of November. Near the Main Exhibition Building will be the "Continental Hotel," a branch of the leading hotel in Philadelphia, and the "Globe Hotel," a structure erected by a stock company. The latter will contain over 1300 rooms. Besides these buildings, smaller hotels and boarding-houses without number will be opened near the Exhibition Grounds for the special accommodation of visitors.

The Centennial Exhibition will be a grand event in our national history, and in every way worthy of the people whose progress in the arts, sciences, and industries will be shown in the various departments. Special arrangements have been perfected to give the readers of *Harper's Weekly* full and early illustrations of all that is most interesting in the Exhibition, so that those who are unable to visit Philadelphia may keep themselves accurately informed of all that is going on there during the Centennial season.

THE A B C OF FINANCE;

OR, THE MONEY QUESTION FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED TO EVERY-DAY PEOPLE, IN NINE SHORT AND EASY LESSONS.

By Professor S. NEWCOMB.

LESSON VI.—THE MYSTERY OF MONEY.

When, in the early years of the greenbacks, our statesmen saw gold going up in the market, and wished to explain it without supposing a depreciation of the dollar, they coined a word to express their view of the matter, and said gold was "demonetized," and turned into a mere article of traffic, like leather and iron. I allude to this notion because it is based on a very common fallacy which underlies many of our notions about money. This fallacy consists in supposing that by being used as a medium of exchange gold becomes *monetized*, and thereby is affected with some mysterious power as a measure of value. We see this fallacy in the importance sometimes attached to the question what is and what is not money, the idea being that if a thing is money it is very different from what it would be if it were not money. In fact, however, any thing is money which people universally give and take in exchange for their labor or merchandise. Salt, cattle, and iron have been used as such. In our colonial times, tobacco was used for money, and, clumsy though it was, it was far better money than the bills of credit the States used to issue with such disastrous effects. Its use as money did not in any way change its nature, its properties, or even its real value. As men advance in civilization they find that these clumsy things will no longer answer, and take to gold and silver. The advantages of the precious metals are: (1) they include a great value in a small space; (2) they are not liable to decay or other damage from keeping; (3) they can be divided up into small and definite portions.

Gold in its crude state, entirely uncoined, was very recently in use as money in some parts of California and Mexico. But the difficulty of being sure of the weight and quality of the metal is a serious evil in such cases; so at a very early stage in civilization governments step in and coin the gold. Coinage, as we have already explained, has no other value than that of a certificate of the quantity and fineness of the gold in the coin.

Thus far there is no mystery. A coin is simply so much gold or silver, which people pass from hand to hand, as the Indians used to pass wampum, and the colonists tobacco. The next step is the use of credit paper. In any mercantile community it would soon be found that there was no need of actually counting out the coin for every payment, and that trouble and danger of loss would be avoided by keeping the gold in a bank, and paying over checks or bills entitling the holder to so much gold at the bank. As every owner of a check could go to the bank and get the gold if he wanted it, they are just as valuable as the gold itself. We might thus imagine all the money of a community kept in one bank, and all payments made by checks on the bank. The gold would then lie there in the vaults year after year, disturbed only when some one required it from time to time to send away, or to melt into some useful article. The bank would also have to be paid for the expense of keeping the gold and paying the checks. To avoid this, the modern banking system is introduced, by which the bank is allowed to loan part of the gold out at interest for short periods, and thus compensate itself by the interest it receives. It still holds itself responsible to pay every one who wants it his gold on demand; and as long as the confidence of the business community is maintained, it can do this with perfect safety. It may have credits out, payable on demand, to three or four times the amount of gold in its vaults; but, unless an extraordinary number of depositors should rush after their gold at once, all demands can be satisfied. Unless a panic occurs, there is no more danger of this than of every one wearing out his shoes at once, and besieging the shoe stores on the same day for a new pair.

Such is the history of money, in brief. It is simply a commodity like gold, or a paper certificate entitling the holder to a commodity. Seeing these paper certificates pass from hand to hand, with only one man in a hundred going to get the gold to which they entitle him, people of wild ideas are constantly jumping to the conclusion that they need not entitle the holder to any thing, and that a stage of progress may be reached in which mere stamped paper will answer the purpose of money. The plans for attaining this end are as numerous and as chimerical as those for attaining perpetual motion. One might with equal reason claim that the human race would reach a state of things in which such gross food as bread and beef would no longer be necessary, and people would live entirely on ideas.

LESSON VII.—THE EVIL OF A DEPRECIATING CURRENCY.

At this stage the reader may ask, what harm if the currency does depreciate? What difference whether it takes two or two dozen paper dollars to buy a pair of shoes, so long as they pass current? To answer this question fully would require me to write a whole book. The history of mankind for the last two centuries is full of examples showing that a depreciating currency is the greatest source of injury to the business of a nation, being hardly less than a national calamity. A brief summary of the most obvious evils is all we now have time for.

1. People are constantly bargaining for the sale of their goods or their services in exchange for a certain number of dollars, to be paid them at some future time. Salaried men and laborers engage themselves by the day, the month, or the year. Economical people put money in the savings-bank, to be repaid, perhaps, at the end of many years. All these arrangements are made under the belief that the dollars you are going to receive will buy you, on the average, as many of the means of living as they will now. If you are to be paid in gold dollars, you may be morally certain that your expectations in this respect will be fulfilled, because the experience of mankind in all ages has shown that the purchasing power of gold is never subject to great and rapid fluctuations. But if you are to be paid in paper dollars, no man knows what they will buy. The laborer will find, week after week, that prices rise so fast his wages will buy less and less for his family. If the policy is once adopted to issue all the paper dollars that may be required by commerce, it is not only possible, but highly probable, that thirty of them would not, twenty years hence, buy a square meal. See scale of prices in Hayti, for example, where this policy has been adopted. What does the proposed paper-money bond amount to? It will say that the United States will pay the bearer one hundred dollars. What does this mean, on the new plan? Simply this:

On demand the United States promises to print and stamp for the bearer one hundred paper dollars, and does hereby guarantee that the said papers shall be called dollars, and received as such, every where in this country.

If the United States also guaranteed that these dollars should buy some specified portion of the necessaries of life—forty pounds of flour, or eight pounds of beef, for example—the promise might amount to something. But when all reason and all experience show that the paper dollars will probably lose nearly all power of purchasing, who will agree to take them? Is it right for the government to adopt a policy which will end in the bitter deception of all its citizens who do not know the difference between gold and paper dollars?

2. The second evil of depreciating paper is, that it necessarily enriches speculators at the expense of the rest of the community. The sharp speculator is no theorist. He knows exactly what the effect of depreciating paper is, and takes advantage of it. He buys goods on credit, and holds them until their prices rise, then sells them, and pays off his debt with a part of the proceeds, pocketing the balance as profits of the operation. Of course great business activity is thus produced. The manufacturer hires operatives at present prices, well knowing that the goods they produce will rise on his hands so as to yield him a handsome profit. The operatives receive their pay in depreciated dollars, and are the real sufferers.

3. The third evil is, that extravagance is fostered. Sudden fortunes are made by speculation, while no one really feels any poorer. The salaried man finds it hard to make both ends meet; but, as he gets his usual income, he must not complain of the high prices. Property of all kinds rising in price, property-holders are at first very much pleased. They do not clearly see that the rise is due to the fact that the dollars by which the value is estimated are worth less than before. They are much in the position of a man who, having a handful of gold dollars, should be furnished with a pair of spectacles which made every dollar look like an eagle, and who, therefore, thinks he has suddenly increased his wealth ten times. Of course, if he is a good-hearted man, he spends some of his surplus in giving a feast to all his friends, and this is done by so many that we have almost an era of extravagance. Of course the extravagance has to be bitterly paid for.

All this is little more than history in brief. If the reader requires further details, he must read the financial history of the French Revolution, of the American colonies and our Revolution, and of business and gold speculation during the early years of our civil war.

4. The fourth evil of depreciating currency is, that it aggravates the very evil which it is designed to prevent, not only by making the rate of interest high, but by making it almost impossible to borrow money on any terms whatever. This may seem paradoxical, but it is a fact well proved by the bitter experience of those unfortunate people who have been attracted by the song of the paper-money siren. There are two reasons for this effect. One is, that, owing to the enormous nominal prices to which all goods mount under a system of depreciated paper money, more money is required to transact the business of the country just in proportion as more is issued. When every thing costs twice what it now does, you must take twice as much money in your pocket when you go on a journey or make a purchase; and you would, from this cause alone, find money just as scarce as before. If your wife wants two or three hundred dollars every time she goes shopping, you need a large pile of money. But the principal reason is, that the constant rise in prices stimulates borrowing for the purpose of speculation, as just explained. When a large number of people are anxious to borrow all the money that can be had, and willing to pay a high rate of interest for it, money to borrow must be scarce. When every one is anxious to buy, and wants to borrow all the money he can get to buy with, a competition must of course send up the rate of interest.

When reason and history unite in showing such serious evils as the result of depreciating currency, and no fruits but such as turn to bitter ashes in the mouth, what shall we say to those ignorant or visionary men who promise a millennium under a paper-money system, telling you that there shall be no more panics and no more scarcity of money?

[To be continued.]

THE CATHOLICS AND THE FREE SCHOOLS.

With his usual clear perception of what the people wish, President Grant has, in his annual Message, recommended the adoption of a constitutional amendment which shall place our common schools beyond the reach of sectarian interference. It is not necessary here to discuss the precise phraseology in which such a new article of our organic law will be best expressed; that can be determined hereafter. Nor is it important here to dwell upon the question of the reading of the Bible in the schools; on that the opinions expressed in *Harper's Weekly* are well understood. It is of more consequence to show from the past experience of the people of the United States that the danger which President Grant sees threatening our system of free public education is not imaginary.

We take, as the most conspicuous example of American experience, the State and city of New York. Originally the public-school money raised in the city of New York was distributed "to the trustees of the Free-School Society, the Orphan Asylum Society, the African Free School, and the *trustees of such incorporated religious societies as then supported or should establish charity schools within the city.*" This was practically a denominational system of education. It soon developed all the evils which the friends of State education have ascribed to it. One religious society obtained from the Legislature a grant of special privileges. The results which then followed are thus described by one of our leading citizens: "Inasmuch as that society, in common with all others, drew per head for the number of children taught, or rather for the number of children on the register of the schools to be taught, small presents and rewards were given to induce children to come in. They came in, and their names were put on the register; and when the yearly account was made out, they drew for the number of the children on the register, and the consequence was that a large portion of the fund was appropriated to the erection of buildings belonging to this Church, thus using the common-school fund of New York and the equivalent tax paid there for the erection of religious temples to be used by a particular denomination of Christians." Other religious denominations clamored for like special privileges; and to put an end to a great scandal, the denominational system, as far as it had obtained in this city, was abolished by the Legislature. In 1824 the Common Council of New York "was authorized, once in three years, to designate the institutions and schools which should be entitled to receive the school moneys." The Council thus became, as far as the city schools were concerned, the Legislature. It paid over the greater part of the money raised by taxation to the Public-School Society, an unsectarian organization; to this were added as recipients the Mechanics' Society, the Orphan Asylum, and other institutions, all of them unsectarian with the exception of the Catholic Benevolent Society. The Public-School Society did most of the work of free education in the metropolis, and did it well. Its officers were men of the highest repute. The necessary taxes were cheerfully paid by the citizens, because confidence was reposed in the society as the disburser of the school money.

But the satisfaction was not universal. Bishop Hughes was dissatisfied, and he communicated his feeling to his people. The system did not subsidize the city treasury for the benefit of the Roman Catholic parish schools, and that was enough to make him its enemy. He was resolved to break down the beneficent policy of the Public-School Society, and in 1840 began his assault. The trustees of St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, St. Mary's, and other schools of like names applied to the Common Council for a share of the school moneys raised by taxation. The grounds of objection to the schools established by the Public-School Society were the same that we hear to-day. It was resolved at a meeting of Catholics held in July, 1840, "That the operation of the common-school system, as the same is now administered, *is a violation of our civil and religious rights*," and "That we should be unworthy of our proud distinction as Americans and American citizens if we did not resist such invasion by every lawful means in our power." In their memorial the Catholics said of the public schools: "If they do not exclude sectarianism, they are no more entitled to the school funds than your petitioners or any other denomination of professing Christians; if they do exclude sectarianism, then your petitioners contend that they exclude Christianity." Like the wolf who picked a quarrel with the lamb, the Catholics were against the schools in any event. Their petition was met by numerous remonstrances. The Common Council appointed a day for the hearing of the petitioners and the remonstrants, and that day was a memorable one in the history of the city. Lawyers, divines, the élite of New York, were present to hear and share in the discussion. Bishop Hughes conducted the debate on the Catholic side with the skill and energy for which he was so famous. Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. Ketchum represented the Public-School Society; Dr. Bond and Dr. Bangs, the Methodists; Dr. Knox, the Presbyterians. Bishop Hughes had also the closing address, which was of several hours' duration. The debate was in some of its passages acrimonious, but in all its parts

able. The Catholics ended by proposing to place their schools under the administration of the Public-School Society, *provided* they could appoint their own teachers or control the appointment of them, and also have a negative on the selection of text-books. The Public-School Society, on the other hand, offered to expunge from their school and library books all matter objectionable to Catholics, and to make every effort "to prevent any occurrence in the schools which might wound the feelings of Roman Catholic children, or impair their confidence in, or diminish their respect for, the religion of their parents." The proposition of the Catholics was substantially a demand for a surrender of the common-school system; they would not even look at the concessions offered by the friends of unsectarian education. A committee was appointed by the City Council to draw up a report. The report contained a sentence which is as true to-day as then, and should never be forgotten by the friends of public education: "*The unwillingness of the petitioners to agree to any terms which did not recognize the distinctive character of their schools as Catholic schools, or which would exclude sectarian supervision from them entirely, was the obstacle to compromise which could not be overcome.*" That obstacle has not yet been overcome, and never will be. Catholics never intend to compromise on this question. They can only be met by putting the common schools beyond the reach of their assaults, through the operation of a constitutional amendment. The report refusing the Catholic demand was adopted by the Council, with only one dissenting vote.

This was not the end, however; in fact, it was but the beginning. The Public-School Society went on to purge its books, stamped or otherwise blotted out passages in them supposed to be obnoxious to Catholics, pasted leaves together, and invited Catholics to assist in this work, but invited in vain. One of the books complained of was MALTE BRUN'S Geography, then a standard work. It was found to be at the same time in use in a Catholic school. These measures of the society were all taken in the interest of peace and harmony among citizens, but the Catholics did not wish for peace. Bishop HUGHES and his associates issued an appeal to the people of the city and State. It demanded, as their right, a share of the school money. The trustees of the School Society replied, showing that such a distribution would open the way for a distribution to other sectarian schools, and end in breaking up the common-school system.

As they could not move the Common Council, Bishop HUGHES and his people resolved to overthrow the law under which the Council acted. A general meeting was held in Washington Hall early in 1841, and a central executive committee on common schools appointed. Ward meetings were recommended, and a petition to the Legislature put in circulation. In their haste they made the mistake of appealing to the Legislature *as Catholics*. Under the advice, however, of friends, the petitions were returned, and so amended that the petitioners appeared in Albany as citizens. The controversy elicited an elaborate report from Secretary of State JOHN C. SPENCER, then superintendent of education, in which it was suggested that the religious question be left wholly to the school districts, without any restraint on the part of the State. His opinion was that the schools would necessarily be sectarian, and he advised that the State should leave to each district to determine of what kind the sectarianism should be. Mr. SPENCER thought that competition among the sects would offset the evils of denominationalism. It was pointed out to him very quickly that a school district in which Catholic voters were in a majority would force Catholic schools on Protestants, and *vice versa*, so that there would be a religious war of the most alarming nature in every school district of the State. The bill framed to carry out Mr. SPENCER'S ideas, which were mainly acceptable to the Catholics, was defeated in the State Senate early in 1841. The Catholics were highly indignant. Meetings were called, and addressed by Bishop HUGHES, in which the State's system of education, as provided for the city of New York, was denounced, with all its friends and abettors. The bishop's address occupied three entire evenings.

Foiled thus far at every point, the bishop and the Catholics determined on another measure—a separate nomination for the State Senate and Assembly. The speech made by Bishop HUGHES to the Catholic voters on the eve of the election in the fall of 1841 is difficult to describe. He would pledge every man he addressed to vote the *Catholic* ticket. The report from which we here quote is credited to the *Freeman's Journal*. "Will you," he asked, "adhere to the nominations made? [Loud cries of "We will," "We will," and vociferous applause.] Will you be united? [Tremendous cheering—the whole immense assembly rising *en masse*—waving of hats, of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of applause.] Will you let all men see that you are worthy sons of that nation to which we belong? [Cries of "Never fear," "We will," "We will till death," and terrific cheering.] Will none of you flinch? [The scene that followed this query is indescribable, and exceeded all the enthusiastic and frenzied displays of passionate feeling we have sometimes witnessed at Irish meetings. The cheering, the shouting, the stamping of feet, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, beggared all powers of description.] Very well, then; the tickets will be prepared and distributed among you, and on the day of election go like freemen......and deposit your votes."

It is to be hoped that this State may be spared a repetition of such "frenzied displays of passionate feeling;" but this instance shows what susceptibility to this kind of excitement there is in our Catholic fellow-citizens when the hierarchy chooses to work it up to the highest pitch. The spectacle of a bishop directing the nominations for the Legislature and pledging his people to support his ticket contained in it a fruitful suggestion of the possibilities of the future. Bishop HUGHES took nothing by his motion; his ticket was ignominiously defeated; but he came up to the battle again with unyielding pertinacity. Governor SEWARD recommended for a second time a change in the system of public education provided for the city of New York. After a long debate, the act extending the general provisions of the school law of the metropolis was adopted on April 9, 1842. The Legislature, though Democratic, did not dare to incorporate in the bill the Catholic demands, and as little did it favor Mr. SPENCER'S plan. Section 14 contained the important provision: "No school above mentioned, or which shall be organized under this act, in which any religious sectarian doctrine or tenet shall be taught, inculcated, or practiced, shall receive any portion of the school moneys to be distributed by this act as hereinafter provided. It shall be the duty of the trustees, inspectors, and commissioners of schools in each ward, and of the deputy superintendent of schools, from time to time, and as frequently as need to be, to examine and ascertain, and report to the said Board of Education, whether any religious sectarian doctrine or tenet shall have been taught, inculcated, or practiced in any of the schools of their respective wards." The Catholics gained, as the result of their crusade, the satisfaction—however much that might be to them—of seeing the public-school system of the city of New York more firmly grounded than ever before. They had made their attack directly and before the world, and had been defeated. They now changed their method, and we shall see them after this working to gain their ends by more covert means.

It is not the habit of the Roman Catholic Church to abandon an undertaking to which it has been once fully committed. It makes little account of years, if years are needed for the accomplishment of a cherished purpose. It can say, with PHILIP II. of Spain, "Time and I are two." When defeated, it retires from the field, but only to plan a new campaign. It is by means of this unwearying persistence that, in spite of all laws, it has accomplished so much in the State of New York. With the act of 1842 on the statute-book, it could not secure legislation in favor of sectarian schools unless by indirect methods. It could, however, through the favor of corrupt politicians, and in return for votes, break the law, and this it has systematically done. For such legislation as it wished it had to wait for the coming of an auspicious opportunity. In the year 1869, when that illustrious statesman, WILLIAM M. TWEED, now gone to parts unknown, controlled the State Senate, a bill was introduced by him, of which the first section read as follows: "Whenever there shall be or has been established or maintained, in any city of this State, any free school or schools, in which not less than two hundred children have been or are taught and educated gratuitously, it shall be the duty of such city, or of the Board of Supervisors of the county of which such city is a whole or a part, to make provision from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools." Another section authorized the supervisors of the counties to levy a tax at the rate of $8 for each pupil to support such schools. This bill was reported upon favorably by the "Committee on Charitable and Religious Societies," and was making progress in the Committee of the Whole. Its obvious design to enable the Catholics to obtain State support for their parish schools created alarm. They had only to report for each 200 scholars, and the supervisors were bound to raise the money. An earnest appeal, signed by numerous friends of unsectarian education, was sent out from Albany, public attention was aroused, and the bill defeated. More successful in 1871 was the incorporation of the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns by a special act of the Legislature. The Gray Nuns are a teaching sisterhood, devoted to female education. By the terms of the incorporation then obtained they are not limited to any one location, but may spread all over the State, are free from State inspection, and are without restriction in respect to the accumulation of property "in religious and school houses and the grounds belonging to the same." They were given full power to convert this property into money at any time. The proceeds of such sales were to be paid to the bishop of the diocese. This last clause, which in its operation would be too flagrant for endurance, was subsequently modified. By an amendment, passed May, 1875, the diplomas of the sisterhood may be filed with the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who may thereupon issue certificates declaring that the holders of such diplomas are duly qualified teachers of the schools of the State. But for the exposure of this surreptitious legislation, we should in time have had the pupils of the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns fastened upon the common schools of New York. Armed with the State Superintendent's certificates, they would (perhaps they *will*) form a privileged class, and will, without examination, readily find positions as teachers in neighborhoods and wards where Catholic sympathies predominate.

These instances show that despite the law and the constitutional amendment which forbid sectarian education in the common schools, the Catholics will scheme to get the better of both law and Constitution. They make nothing of a law which is in their way, if they can evade it. They have succeeded still better in securing provision for their schools and denominational institutions in the tax levies. They obtained from the public treasury in this city alone, for the year 1869, the sum of $651,191; in 1870, $711,436; in 1871, $552,818, making in three years $1,915,445. It will be observed that these are the most corrupt years known in all the history of New York politics. In 1870 more than one hundred thousand voters petitioned the Legislature for the repeal of an act which taxed the city annually some $250,000 for the support of sectarian institutions, chiefly Roman Catholic. The act was repealed, but the repeal was so framed as not to take effect till the end of that year. Other acts and clauses of acts, however, have been skillfully worked into the legislation of the State by which two Roman Catholic institutions—the Catholic Protectory and the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity—received from the treasury of this city, in 1872, the sum of $276,836; in 1873, $290,000; in 1874, $370,410; in 1875, $398,355, with $47,000 yet to be paid, making in all for this year $445,355. The amount proposed in the tax levy of 1876 for these two Catholic institutions is $428,050. The payments for 1875 and the proposed appropriation in the tax levy for 1876 are directly in conflict with the amendment of the State Constitution adopted January 1, 1875, which forbids the appropriation of public money to sectarian uses.

The list of Catholic institutions in this city which were in 1869, 1870, and 1871 the recipients of the money of the people raised by taxation is too long to be copied here. It numbers nearly one hundred, and the sums to each vary from a few hundred to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. This practice of claiming money from the public treasury still goes on in spite of law and Constitution, and will go on till it is arrested by the courts. Besides these gifts, the Roman Catholic Church has received from the city, for a nominal consideration only, grants of land now valued at over $3,000,000.

We have selected the history of Catholic encroachments upon the State of New York because it is full of instruction for other States. The policy of the Church is not confined to one State or one city. We must add to our experience here the experience of other cities and States, to obtain a full impression of the assaults of Romanism on American institutions. The crafty working, of which we have given samples, is going on all over the Union. The President's recommendation to tax ecclesiastical property should also be taken into most thoughtful consideration by the people. The states of Europe have been compelled, as a measure of self-protection, to confiscate the property of the Church. England did this at the time of the Reformation, France during the great Revolution of the last century, and Italy within a few years. Mexico has followed Old World examples, and has freed herself by a convulsion from the clutches of the great landlord who was rapidly becoming the owner of nearly all the real estate in the republic.

It has always been believed that the Catholic laity would refuse to be led on by the hierarchy in a crusade against the common schools, but so far they have followed the priestly body. Their leaders speak for them, and by those leaders the Church must be judged. We would ask, however, does the *Catholic Review* speak for the laity when it says, in relation to the President's recommendations, "We seek no contest, but one will be forced upon us; we warn our fellow-Catholics that this is certain to come, and we retort upon the instigator of this new internecine war, that the Catholics of the United States will 'fight it out on that line, if it takes,' not one season, but another century of our beloved country's existence?" It is to be hoped that this passage does not represent American Catholic lay opinion, but we must wait and see. May it not be hoped, too, that there will be no contest, but that our free-school system will be supplied with the necessary constitutional protection by common consent? The facts here arrayed show that the dangers which threaten it are imminent, and that the President has spoken not a moment too soon.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE bicentennial anniversary of the discovery of infusoria by the great Dutch microscopist LEUWENHOEK, in 1675, has just been celebrated at Delft. On this occasion a marble tablet was placed by the Anniversary Council upon the grave of LEUWENHOEK, bearing the inscription, "VON LEUWENHOEK, 1675—1875."

A company has lately been formed to introduce a new invention, called the "Brayton Ready Motor." It consists, concisely speaking, of an engine deriving its power from the explosive energy of a mixture of the vapor of crude petroleum and air.

A fuller account of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD'S arctic expedition of 1875 than has yet been published has lately appeared in the form of a letter from him to Mr. OSCAR DICKSON, dated at the mouth of the Yenisei, August 16. In this it is stated that after the *Pröven*, in which the party had embarked, left Tromsöe, on the 8th of June, it was compelled to lie at anchor five days on account of a head-wind. Finally it got under way, and passed North Cape on the 17th, to the southern part of Nova Zembla, where they cast anchor in a bay north of Goose Cape. During the voyage numerous determinations of temperature and soundings were taken, and various collections made, promising many new objects to the naturalist.

Leaving Nova Zembla, the *Pröven* proceeded to the Sea of Kara, and on the 26th of July anchored off Vaigatz Island. It was not until the 30th that a boat could land on the island, on account of a storm. Here many rare silurian fossils were gathered, very similar to those of Gottland. The party met some of the Samoyedes, who had gathered to see the vessel.

On the 2d of August the Sea of Kara was reached, and found to be completely free of ice; but, in consequence of the baffling winds, progress toward the middle of the peninsula, called by the natives Jalmal, which separates the Sea of Kara from the Bay of Obi, was very slow. This delay, however, was utilized in making many collections of animals, among which were several new species. The water at the surface, in consequence of the large rivers emptying in the vicinity, proved to be nearly free from salt, forming a deadly poison for the animals which live in the salt-water at the bottom. Most of these when brought up from the bottom died when placed in water from the surface.

An important series of experiments was made with the NEGRETTI, ZAMBRA, and CASELLA deep-sea self-registering thermometers, showing that in the Sea of Kara, as well as off the coast of Nova Zembla, the temperature of the sea-water at the surface is very variable, and dependent upon the temperature of the air, upon the neighborhood of ice, and upon the influx of warm fresh-water from the Obi and Yenisei, but that at the depth of ten fathoms the temperature is nearly or quite constant (between $-1°$ and $2°$ C.). If in the northern part of the Sea of Kara, where the water on the surface is almost completely free of salt, and at this time of the year very warm, a flask filled with water from the surface is sunk to a depth of ten fathoms, the water freezes to ice. There are thus no warm-water ocean currents here at any considerable depth below the surface. It is believed also that the percentage of salt at the bottom is very constant.

On the 8th of August the party landed for a few hours on the northwestern side of Jalmal, where an astronomical determination of the position of the place was made. Traces of men and of Samoyede sledges were visible on the beach. Close to the shore was found a sacrificial altar, consisting of about fifty skulls and bones of the polar bear, walrus, and reindeer. In the middle of this heap of bones were two rude idols, hewn from drift-wood roots, newly besmeared in the eyes and mouth with blood; also two poles provided with hooks, from which hung bones of the reindeer and bear. Close by was a fire-place and a heap of reindeer bones, the latter clearly the remnant of a sacrificial meal.

After a stay of a few hours here, the party set sail for the north, until further advance was prevented by impassable masses of great even ice-fields at 75° 30′ north latitude and 79° 30′ east longitude. Following the edge of the ice eastward, they finally reached the north side of the mouth of the river Yenisei on the 15th, and they had now attained the goal which great seafaring nations had striven in vain for centuries to reach.

Professor NORDENSKJÖLD concludes his letter by stating that he, in accordance with a plan agreed upon, accompanied by five men, intended to sail or row up the Yenisei in a Nordland boat, and to return by Turukhansk and Yeniseisk to Europe, while the *Pröven* would go to Norway, if possible, passing north of the north point of Nova Zembla.

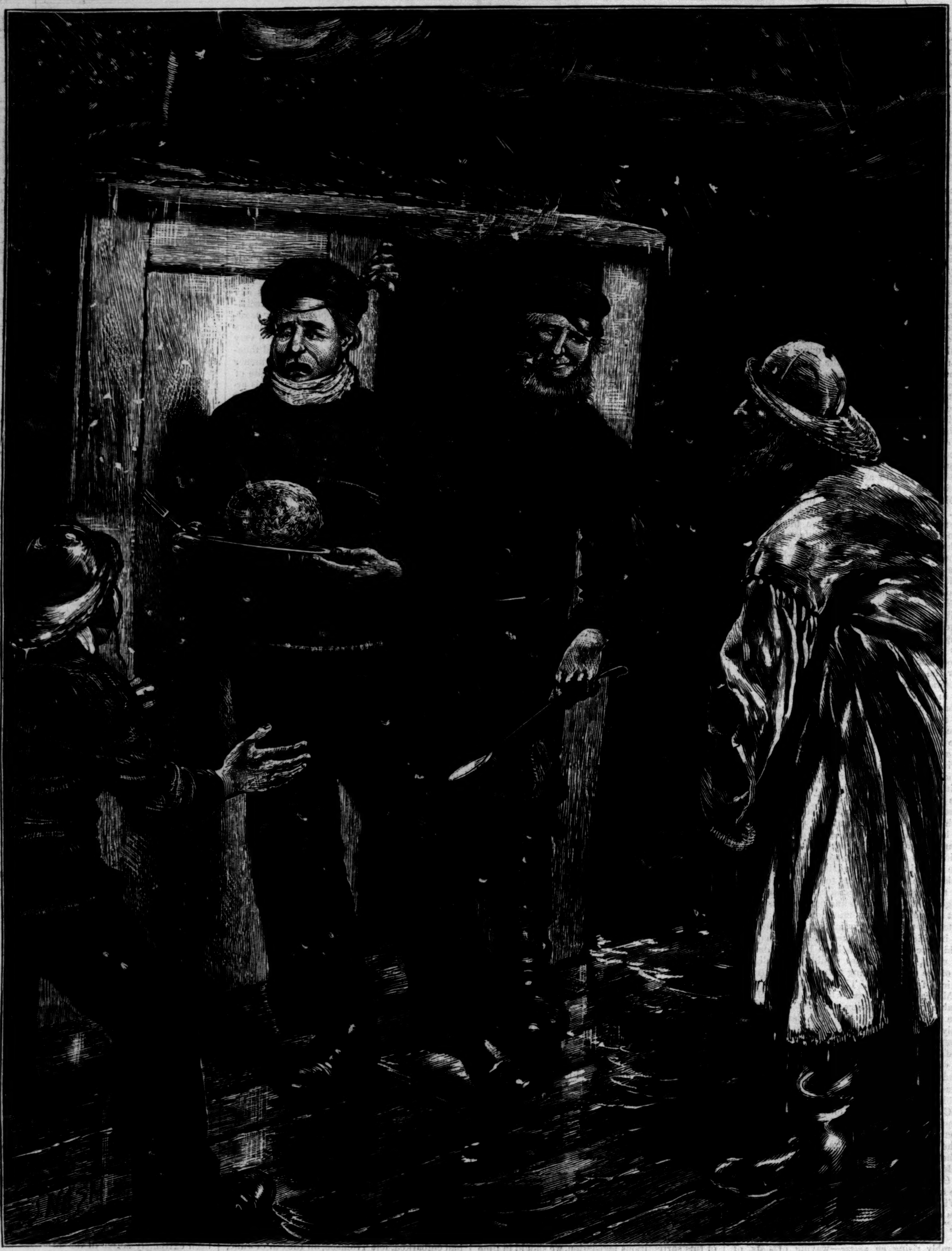
Mr. H. H. BABCOCK has lately communicated an interesting fact in regard to a well-known fern, the *Aspidium acrostichoides*. In this plant, at the time of maturing of the spores, the elastic band of each *theca* slowly straightens out, carrying the spores in a mass at its tip. After straightening and bending back as far as possible, it gives a sudden forward spring, projecting the spores in a shower. It then gradually resumes its original position, and the *theca* presents the appearance of having simply been ruptured to allow the spores to fall out.

M. DUMAS lately announced to the French Academy that a method of treating vines afflicted with phylloxera had been discovered which could be positively relied upon to destroy the insect and to restore the vine to health and fertility. The process in question is likewise reported to have been exhaustively experimented upon by the commission appointed to examine into the various plans submitted, and with most satisfactory results. The remedy consists in the combined application of sulpho-carbonate of potassa, which kills the insect at any depth, to the soil, and of potassic, ammoniacal, and sulphureted manures.

The new aquarium at Yarmouth, England, it is said, will be completed by June, 1876. Mr. SAVILLE KENT, at present in charge of the Manchester aquarium, has been appointed manager and naturalist of the new establishment.

Dr. TREMBLEY, of San José, California, a meteorological observer of long experience, in a review of his observations during the year ending September, 1875, states that the most surprising feature is the great humidity of the atmosphere, the average of the twelve months being seventy-nine per cent., and the dry months but slightly drier than the wet. This accounts for the coolness of the oceanic current which flows through the interior basin. The great humidity and the frequent fogs are "blessings in disguise" to the agricultural and horticultural interests. Without them, the annual rain-fall being quite small, all of Santa Clara County would become a barren waste, and almost an arid desert.

The annual report of the Fish Commission of Virginia, under its new organization, for 1875, has just been published. The Commission is now composed of Mr. A. MOSELEY, of Richmond, Dr. W. B. ROBERTSON, of Lynchburg, and Professor M. C. ELLSEY, of Blacksburg, who have been extremely active in the discharge of their duties, although with a very limited appropriation at their command. The report is very creditable to them, and shows a comprehension of the problem to be solved in regard to the protection and multiplication of food fishes in Virginia. As might have been expected, the shad and the striped and black bass received special attention on their part. Much also has been done in regard to the introduction of the California salmon, that fish of the future. They obtained a large number of the eggs from the United States Fish Commission, for which they established two hatching houses, one at Blacksburg College and the other at the Virginia Military Institute, and they propose to have others hereafter at the University of Charlottesville and at the Hampden School, at Hampden, whenever their funds will permit. The young fish will probably be soon introduced into their new quarters in appropriate streams in Virginia. The Commissioners also did what they could toward propagating the shad, although the season was unfavorable for the fullest measure of success.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING AT SEA—THE PRIDE OF THE SHIP'S COOK.

PLUM-PUDDING AT SEA.

THE pride and glory of an English Christmas is the plum-pudding—supposed to be the lineal descendant of plum-porridge. In old times in England plum-pottage was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth, thickened with brown-bread; when half boiled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace, and ginger were added, and when the mess had been thoroughly boiled, it was sent to table with the best meats. Sir Roger de Coverley thought there was some hope of a Dissenter when he saw him enjoy his porridge at the hall on Christmas-day. Plum-broth figures in *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1750 among the items of Christmas fare; and Mrs. FRAZER, "sole teacher of the art of cookery in Edinburgh, and several years colleague, and afterward successor to Mrs. M'IVER," who published a cookery book in 1791, thought it necessary to include plum-pottage among her soups. BRAND partook of a tureenful of "luscious plum-porridge" at the table of the royal chaplain in 1801, but that is the latest appearance of this once indispensable dish of which we have any record.

As to plum-pudding, we are thoroughly at fault. RABISHA gives a recipe, in his *Whole Body of Cookery Dissected* (1675), for a pudding to be boiled in a basin, which bears a great resemblance to the modern Christmas favorite, but does not include it in his bills of fare for winter, although "a dish of stewed broth, if at Christmas," figures therein. It shared honors with the porridge in ADDISON's time, however, for the *Tatler* tells us: "No man of the most rigid virtue gives offense by an excess in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, because they are the first parts of the dinner;" but the Mrs. FRAZER above mentioned is the earliest culinary authority we find describing its concoction.

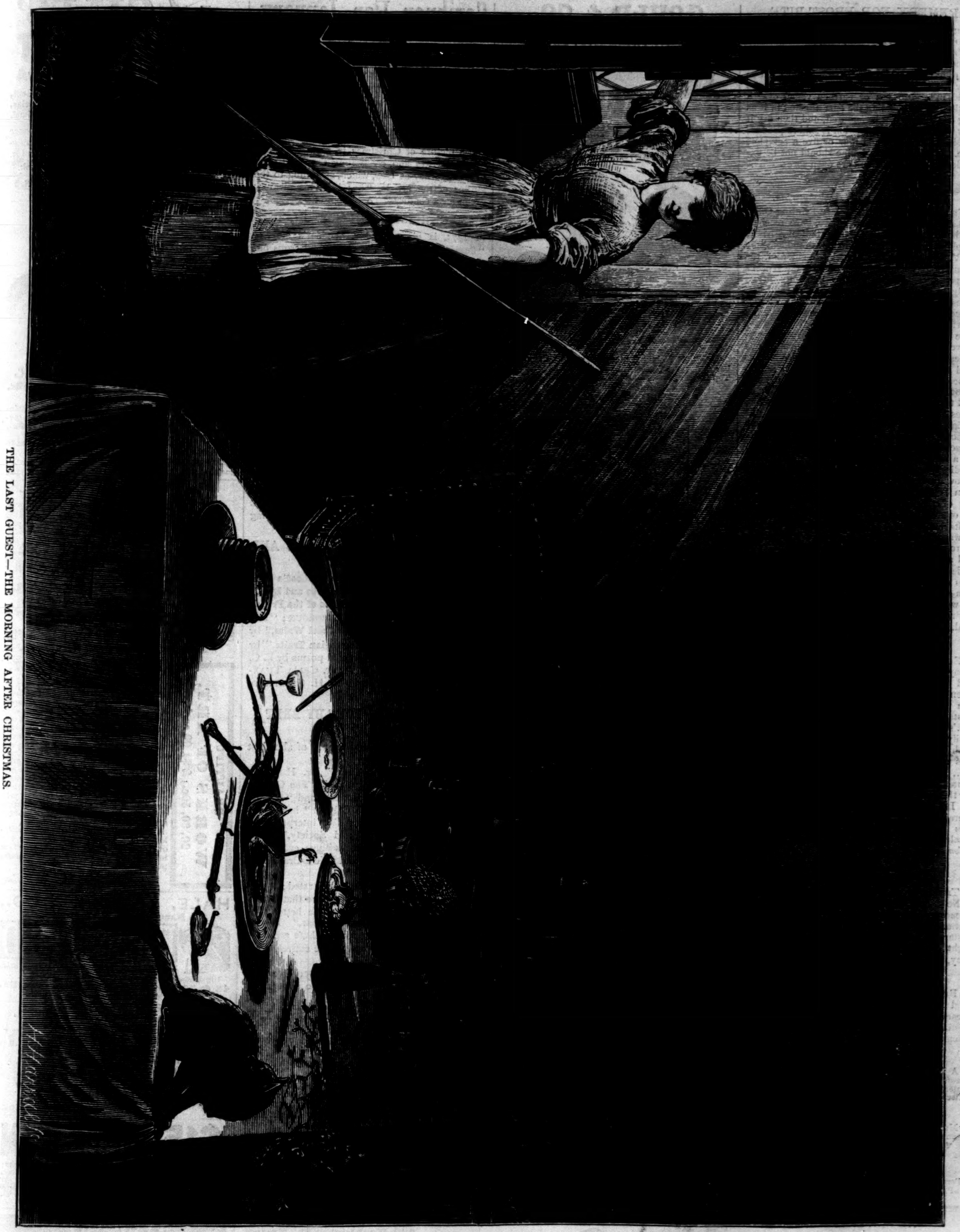
In the time of the Commonwealth plum-pudding and Christmas-pies (as mince-pies were then sometimes called) both fell under censure. The enjoying of these dishes seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to Puritan taste. An old verse reads:

"All plums the prophet's sons deny,
And spice-broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December-pie,
And death within the pot."

Or, as another satirical rhymster of the same period has it:

"The high-shoe lords of CROMWELL's making
Were not for dainties—roasting, baking;
The chiefest food they found most good in
Was rusty bacon and bag-pudding;
Plum-broth was popish, and mince-pie—
Oh, that was flat idolatry!"

The ship's cook in our illustration has evidently exhausted all the resources of his art in the preparation of the great Christmas dish. He has done his part well, and for the sake of those who are eating their Christmas dinner amidst all the discomforts of an ocean passage in mid-winter, let us trust that the toothsome concoction may find its way in safety from the galley to the table.



THE LAST GUEST—THE MORNING AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THE SEXTON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The sexton stands in the gray old porch
  Of the village church alone,
And wakes his world to the Christmas-day
  With the clear and ringing tone
Of the bell his hand has rung for years,
Whether for smiles or whether for tears.

His form is bent, and his hair is white—
  White as the winter's snow—
But the withered hands are strong with zeal
  As merrily, to and fro,
The stout old bell in the early dawn
Rings a welcome to Christmas morn.

Over the road the sexton's wife
  Wakes to the new-born day,
And the ding-dong-ding of the old church bell
  Carries her thoughts away
To many a Christmas long before,
Ere ever their hearts were old and sore.

"Ah me!" she sighs; "it is well, I know,
  With the children gone to God;
But one, the dearest, I would he too
  Were lying beneath the sod.
A wanderer from home, from peace, from joy—
Where are you now, my boy, my boy?"

Ring, old bell in the gray church tower!
  Ring for the Christmas glad!
Ring in gifts for the happy hearts!
  Ring in peace for the sad!
Ring for the white-haired sexton's sake,
Ere his heart with its long-borne grief should break!

Ring the tidings that even now
  Stands at the homestead door,
Repentant, weary, but saved from sin,
  The boy who would seek once more
A mother's kiss and a father's love—
A Christmas gift from the Hand above.

REMEDY FOR FROST-BITE.

THE following treatment is highly recommended for frost-bite: Dissolve 460 grains of tannin in about 6½ ounces of water, add 46 grains of iodine dissolved in two fluid ounces of alcohol, and dilute the whole to about three pints. Use daily (best before going to bed) by placing the liquid in a porcelain or earthen vessel over a gentle fire, and holding the part affected in it as long as the heat can be endured, and then dry it over the fire. One application is said to produce decided alleviation, and four or five a complete cure. The amount of iodine should not be exceeded, especially if there are open sores.

From the Philadelphia Presbyterian.

FROM the World's Dispensary Printing-Office and Bindery, Buffalo, N.Y., we have received "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English; or, Medicine Simplified," by R. V. PIERCE, M.D. Counselor-in-chief of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons at the World's Dispensary. Whoever helps humanity in its struggle with its inherent weaknesses and diseases, to *bear* or *cure*, is its benefactor. Ignorance is not only of itself a cause of disease and mortality, but it is the enemy of every effort to cure or mitigate. Nothing will so speedily remove this cause as knowledge (an elementary one at least) of the diseases to which we are heir, as well as those superinduced by our own imprudence. Dr. PIERCE has rendered, in our judgment, a benefactor's service, both to the afflicted and to the profession, in his diagnosis of the diseases treated of, and in the presentation of the philosophic principles involved in their cause and removal. He is sparing of remedies, and usually prescribes such as are safe in unskilled hands. As a book merely of abstract knowledge, it is exceedingly readable and interesting, especially the following subjects:—Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Pseudo-Hygiene, the Nursing of the Sick, Sleep, Food, Ventilation, etc. In one chapter on another subject, so delicate in its nature that it is shut up beyond the domain of warning to all but physicians, so accursed in its results in modern society, he is most explicit, and alike true to God, to virtue, to life, and to society, shows the truth as presented in the teachings of Scripture—that life begins with conception—with great force, to which is added faithful warnings.

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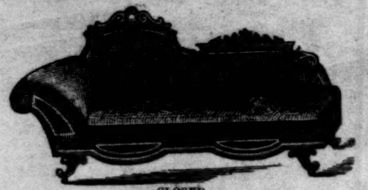

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CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON,

in 1775, is given in Mr. Scudder's story of "**Cupid and Mars.**" The Centennial crops out again in the fresh installment of

"REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS,"

and in the opening chapters of

"PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; or, Show Your Passports."

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Here we get a glimpse of Washington himself, through the eyes of an old gossip, whose story you don't know whether to believe or not. The Christmas feeling comes up again in

"THE KING'S CHRISTMAS,"

and in "**Vino Santo.**" But another marked characteristic of this number is suggested by its household papers. Mr. BURROUGHS, author of "**Wake Robin,**" gives an account of his own house-building, with plans, and Mr. CLARENCE COOK resumes his papers on house-furnishing and decoration, under the title of

"BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS."

The number also contains "**Childhood's Fancies,**" by Col. HIGGINSON; "**Hooks and Eyes,**" by HENRY ECKFORD; "**Pictures of the French Renaissance,**" by WENDELL LAMOROUX; "**Elementary Education in England and Wales,**" by HENRY G. TAYLOR; "**Norwegian Traits,**" by A. S. PACKARD; and additional poems by E. C. STEDMAN, Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT, CELIA THAXTER, H. H. BOYESEN, and R. H. STODDARD. Five Chapters of

"GABRIEL CONROY," BY BRET HARTE,

carry the story on through scenes of abundant incident and interest.

In "Topics of the Time," Dr. HOLLAND writes about "The Centennial," "The Coming Man," "The Prices of Books," and "A Cure for Gossip." "The Old Cabinet" has something about the sentimentalist, interpretation, criticism, &c. "Home and Society," "The World's Work," &c., discuss home economies, books, inventions, &c.; and Bric-à-Brac is unusually entertaining.

The number is exquisitely illustrated; it contains 152 pages, and gives promise that SCRIBNER will redeem its pledge to be better than ever during "**The Centennial Year.**" Besides the features already announced, there are to be others during the year that will be entirely novel in our magazine literature.

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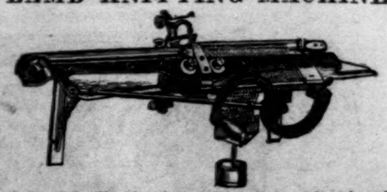
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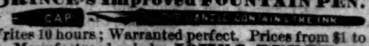

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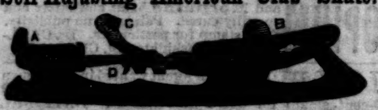

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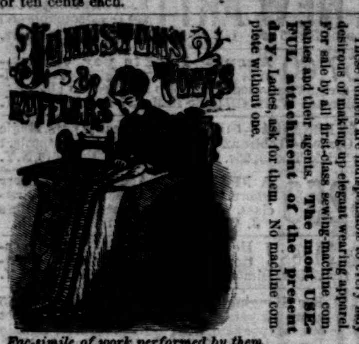

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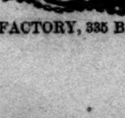

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It is time that the young ones were tucked in their beds,
With visions of Christmas afloat in their heads.

Now bother these boys! What the mischief, I say,
Has brought them up here, just to be in my way?
But stop! a thought strikes me. Aha! now I see:
They are waiting, the rogues, for a good look at me.

They are getting too old; they're beginning to doubt;
They think there is something they'd like to find out.
The very same passion that wrecked Mother Eve
Has entered the souls of these boys, I believe;

And thirsting for knowledge, they're here on the roof:
The stories about me they'll put to the proof.
Young children I love, with their sweet cunning ways,
But who doesn't hate boys in their roundabout days?

Oh dear, how they stare! What on earth shall I do?
Do you think, you young scamps, I'll be conquered by you?
You seem very bright, with your wide-open eyes,
And you'd think it so smart to take me by surprise.

It's a very fine plan, my young rascals, but pause
Ere you get up a trap to catch old Santa Claus.
And then, I'm afraid, if I let you succeed—
Oh, it never would do; you'd regret it, indeed.

'Tis a wonderful vision you see in your dreams:
Like a king in his glory old Santa Claus seems;
With a coat of white ermine as pure as the snow,
You think me a gorgeous old gray-beard, I know.

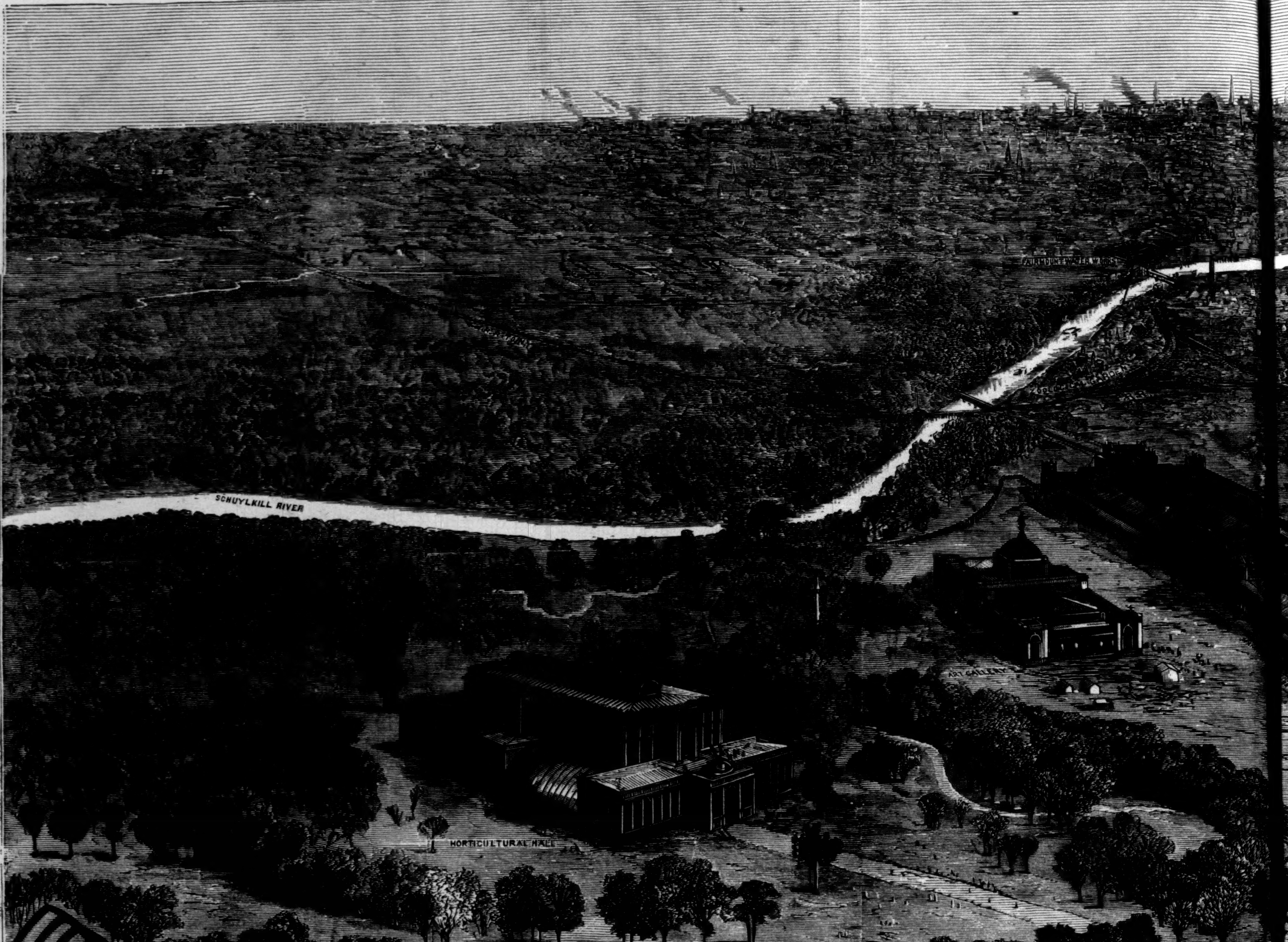
You fancy my eyes are as bright as your own;
That I dwell in a palace, and sit on a throne;
That I own a vast kingdom 'way up in the North,
And only the night before Christmas come forth;

That I've nothing to do but to pack up my toys,
And call once a year on the girls and the boys;
That my reindeers are harnessed and ready to fly
Quick, quick o'er the roofs and the chimneys so high.

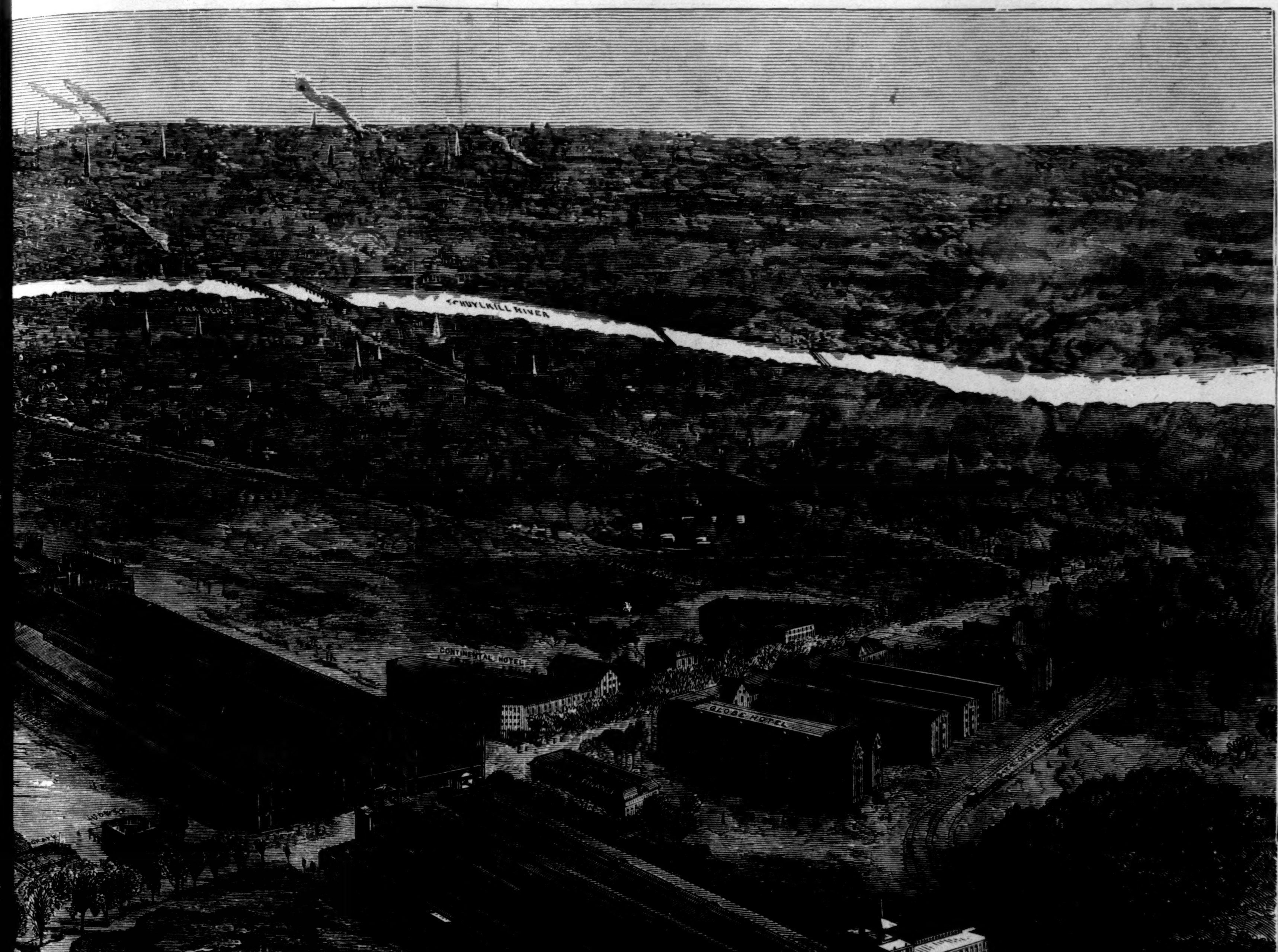
Ah, what would you say could you know the sad truth?
Long ago in your service I wore out my youth.
Just think of the burdens I've borne on my back,
And the terrible weight of old Santa Claus' pack!

The sprite that you love is all blackened with soot;
Poor Santa Claus' coat is as black as your boot:
In a shriveled-up elf, with a phiz old and grim,
And a hump on his back, would you recognize him?

It is better, my boys, that you never should know
How far from the truth your bright fancies go.
It's all for your good. In the shadow I'll stay
Up here on the chimney till you go away.



THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELP



[...]LADELPHIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS, NOVEMBER, 1875.—[SEE PAGE 10.]